

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 945.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13th, 1915.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6½
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.



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LADY LONDONDERRY.

12, Knightsbridge, W.



**THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits**

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WORTHY OF HIS HIRE.

AT the moment there is a widespread feeling that the agricultural labourer is not receiving his share of the prosperity which agriculture is beginning to derive from the war. It may, therefore, be useful if we address some words to farmers on the point. As a class there is none better in Great Britain, and it is not in any spirit of fault-finding that we wish to adduce a few considerations for them to think about. It has always been a reproach that during the Napoleonic wars, when wheat rose to 120s. a quarter, the labourers reaped no benefit. Landowners did so, and so did farmers. Evidence of the former statement is to be found in the country houses dating from that period, which were built out of the new affluence brought by war to the landowning classes. The benefit that the farmer derived was sufficiently proved by his feverish anxiety to grow wheat. In those days he stubbed the waste and drained the mere. To this day the marks are left of the ploughshare that he ran over hills and what had hitherto been waste. Wheat was so valuable that everybody who had land at their disposal grew it, and, moreover, they reaped the benefit of doing so. But the condition of the labourer remained very much what it had been before. He was extremely ill housed, ill clothed and ill fed in those days. There were many things in vogue then which a subsequent generation got rid of. There was the gang system, by which a man who was no better than a slave-driver led crowds of women and children from parish to parish in order that they might do weeding and hoeing. At night they were promiscuously housed in some barn if it happened to be wet, or, if it were fine, behind haystacks or on the unsheltered ground. Then the old Poor Law was still at work, and the labourer was encouraged to be the parent of many children and to accept a low wage, the rest being made up by the Union. Never did there exist a system

so well calculated to depress the labourers and to extinguish any hope they might have of bettering their position. It has always been a reproach to tenants and owners that in those days of prosperity they did not do more for the labourers on the estates, and it would be wise on their part to take warning from their forefathers and, before dissatisfaction becomes loud and vehement, meet the legitimate demand of their labourers. It may be said that economic necessity will in the end compel them to do this. There are not so many workers on the soil that they can be independent of them as they were a hundred years ago, when the villages contained more men than under the prevalent conditions they could support.

Emigration and enlistment have taken away the male population from the villages. There is scarcely a district in England where shortage of labour is not already felt. In the course of a few weeks, when farmers will be setting about the sowing of seed, this shortage will become very much more keenly felt. Thus, on the one hand lies the temptation of very exceptional prices, and on the other the ill paid labourers who will only be induced to work at an increased rate of wages. Those who claim to voice the opinion of the farmers say that this state of affairs will be remedied in April, when the sowing season is at its height. They argue that the employer then will be unable to resist the demand. His very natural desire to make as much profit out of land as he can will be the inducement to put his capital into labour. Wheat has not been at the price of 60s. a quarter within the last half century. We all know that the price is thoroughly remunerative. Indeed, if it had been sold at 30s. the farmer would have suffered no loss, and if at 40s., the figure at which it was quoted when the war began, he would have made a respectable profit. At 60s. those farmers who have wheat to sell are making a very large profit indeed. Nevertheless, in fairness to the class we must direct attention to the qualifying phrase. All of them have not wheat to sell. They got rid of what they had when the war began at a price that was then thought extremely remunerative. However, other farm produce is commanding much more than it did before the outbreak of hostilities.

Taking up at random the weekly notes on the markets issued by the Board of Agriculture, we find the comment made upon fat stock is that trade all over was very firm. In none of the markets was there any appreciable decrease in price, and in most there were advances, some of considerable amount. At Dundee and Edinburgh the price rose from 1s. 6d. to nearly 3s. a hundredweight. In looking through the markets in detail we find that all prices keep up very well, and in the majority show a considerable increase. If we look at the other returns, it is to find a rise in every direction. Eggs are dearer, cheese and butter are dearer, grain, not only wheat, but barley and oats, keeps very high. Potatoes are commanding a very high price. British Queen ranges from 75s. a ton at Wisbech to £5 a ton in London. Dalhousie commands very much the same figures. Edward VII is £5 a ton at Birmingham, 5 guineas in Bristol and London, £5 10s. in Manchester. It is useless for farmers to contend in face of these figures that they are not making largely increased profits, and it would be an act of grace for them to raise the wages of the labourer before the spring sowing season begins, when they will have to do so whether they like it or not. The agricultural labourer is now enjoying an opportunity the like of which never came to him before and may not recur in his lifetime. His numbers are few and his services most valuable. The farmer should take this into account and advance his wages at once. There is more reason to do so because in certain quarters the proposal to employ women and children in agriculture is being violently opposed. It will not be possible to argue against this opposition if the farmer does not move and, by increasing the wages of those who do the hard work of the farm, show that he is not wholly intent on his own profits, but is willing to give a fair share to those under his supervision.

OUR FRONTISPICE.

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of the new Marchioness of Londonderry. Lady Londonderry, who married Viscount Castlereagh in 1899, is a daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



FOR some time past we have been extremely interested in the experiments in wheat cultivation made by the Rev. E. Seeley of Tunbridge Wells. Very excellent results have been obtained from them, but hitherto Mr. Seeley's work has been confined to the garden, and the only reason for hesitating about supporting his method arose from a doubt whether the plan could be feasible for growing wheat on a large scale. It will be possible to say more on that point at the end of the present season, because on the recommendation of the Board of Agriculture the town of Nottingham, where the Agricultural Show is to be held this year, is placing at the disposal of the inventor four acres of land on which his system may be tried. This area was actually sown last week in the presence of a few interested agriculturists. At the same time, other plots were sown for the Corporation, so that the results of the new method may be tested and compared with those achieved by ordinary practice. It certainly will be interesting for those who go to the Royal Show at Nottingham to see what can be done by this latest step forward in the direction of intensive cultivation.

The principle on which Mr. Seeley proceeds is not unknown to skilful growers of wheat. A practice among those who expect their crops to be rather better than their neighbours' is to leave the ground in rough condition after sowing. They do not want an extremely fine tilth for the grain, but rather a covering of little clods. These, as time goes on, are gradually pulverised by the action of rain, wind and frost, and as they fall in fine earth about the sprouting grain help it to root more freely. In his garden Mr. Seeley sowed the grain at the bottom of its little furrow and gradually drew the soil round the young plant as it grew, with the result that root growth was greatly stimulated and the plant itself developed much more freely than is ordinarily the case. The new feature at Nottingham lies in the use of a tilling machine which Mr. Seeley has invented. This will enable him to do away with laborious hand culture, and will, we hope, result in the justification of his contention that the British wheat crop can be doubled by better cultivation. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished at any time, but more than ever when we are engaged upon a mighty war.

It would be possible to describe the result of the meeting of the British, Russian and French Chancellors in Paris as the most colossal example of co-operation the world has ever witnessed. In the field the armies of the several nations are fighting for a common cause, and it has now been decided that the three Powers shall unite their financial resources, just as their military resources are united, for the purpose of carrying the war to a successful conclusion. Nothing could have been better. It knits the three countries together in a still firmer bond of alliance, and also adds infinitely to their efficiency. Owing to our command of the sea, the Allies possess the advantage over Germany that they can draw war material from the United States and the other neutral countries of the world. As in other forms of co-operation, they will be able to deal on a more satisfactory basis when they do not try to outbid one another, but draw up a list of their requirements and buy as much as they can in combination. The result of the conference is creditable to all of the three great financiers concerned—Mr. Lloyd George, M. Ribot and M. Bark.

In an interview with the special correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, the Russian Minister of Finance gave some

valuable information about the effects of prohibiting vodka. What the Russian used to spend in drink it is evident that he now saves. The figures of the Savings Bank have accumulated by leaps and bounds, says M. Bark. The increase is from 34,000,000 roubles in 1913 to 84,000,000 in 1914. Without exaggerating, he calls this a splendid and astonishing fact. Yet the moral effect is of even more importance. Without vodka the people have developed greater energy in their work, and the output of the factories has increased enormously. Home life has become more beautiful and more secure, and the women, therefore, have gained in happiness. These facts cannot but make inhabitants of this country think. It has often been argued, though in rather a superficial way, that if the consumption of alcohol were to cease, His Majesty's revenue would be enormously decreased. But the buying of drink, except in such moderate quantities as would entitle it to be classed as a food, is unproductive of anything useful. Suppose that every drinker were suddenly to become very moderate, if not wholly abstemious, and mechanically place in the bank the equivalent of what he used to pay for intoxicants, it is very evident that the wealth of the country would be vastly increased. That, indeed, is what the Russian experiment is demonstrating.

The sincerity of the German newspaper outcry about the so-called abuse of the neutral flag may be gauged by recalling a single fact. One of the last feats performed by the Emden under the command of Captain Müller, who was probably the best type of seaman that Germany has produced, was made possible only by the ruse of flying the Japanese colours. It will be remembered that the Emden approached close to its Russian quarry in the guise of an ally, then suddenly pulled down the Japanese flag and raised that of Germany, sending just a minute after a torpedo into the Russian ship. In this country where the etiquette of the sea has been known for centuries, no protest was made against the device employed by Captain Müller. Moreover, the German authorities themselves in the most categorical manner laid down as law that "before the destruction of a vessel the crew must be saved." Unless adequate precautions for safeguarding the rights of non-combatants be taken, the German submarines will be placed exactly in the same position as that of the corsairs who made the crew of a captured vessel "walk the plank." The Lusitania flew the American flag last week, but danger from the gale was greater than that from submarines.

LENT LILIES.

Buds in shop windows, buds in the street
Glowing in baskets and all bud-sweet :
Did I then think it was you could bring
To town and the spirit spring ?

You from an April South, or at best
From a sheltered garden in the West—
Not yours the divine, authentic thrill
Of the wild, wild daffodil !

These braved the wind and the wet and the cold
For a spring they shall die and not behold :
Is your glory spun of the sun's first gleam ?
Theirs—theirs is born of a dream !

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

Mr. A. J. Mundella, Secretary of the National Education Association, has issued a letter defining the law in regard to the employment of children on farms. First, as regards the Board of Education, it has no right to override the law with regard to school attendance, but the local authority is under no obligation to take proceedings for non-attendance if they are satisfied of the existence of a reasonable excuse for it. He adds that the law as to employment is that whoever employs a child under fourteen before that child has passed his standard is liable on summary conviction to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings. But, as the German Chancellor said, Necessity knows no law, and it is easy to imagine circumstances in which the enactment quoted by Mr. Mundella would be ignored. The country will need every ounce of agricultural produce that can be grown during this year, and perhaps for several years to come. A large majority of the labourers who would otherwise be cultivating the soil have gone to the front. It would be a crime to let land stand idle on that account. A boy of from twelve to fourteen can be of very great assistance on the farm, and should the situation be such that his services are really needed, he will undertake a difficult task who tries to enforce this law.

Our readers are aware that in these pages increased vegetable growing has been consistently and energetically advocated as a necessity of the present time. The opinion is perfectly sound, and requires no argument for its justification. We are sorry to hear, however, that a number of those who own large and even famous gardens are going to the other extreme. Some have made preparations for sowing the flower beds with vegetables, and prominent seedsmen inform us that the orders coming in are nearly all for vegetable seeds. The demand for flower seeds is exceptionally small. This is to be regretted. The English flower garden is a heritage that will be prized even more after the war than it was before it, and there is nothing in the situation to call for such stringent measures as digging it up to make room for vegetables. After all, those who own a garden in nearly every case have command of other ground, and a field that has been ploughed can at a pinch be fitted to grow vegetables for the table. In few cases can there be any necessity to spoil the flower garden in order to increase the vegetable supply.

In another part of the paper a reviewer deals at some length with Friedrich Nietzsche, the German philosopher whose tenets are more widely discussed to-day than ever were those of previous thinker. It was his lot to be young at the time of the Franco-German War in 1870, and to find a theory that fitted in with the ideas of the barbaric soldiery who have been able to get the destinies of Germany into their keeping; but it is scarcely fair to saddle a purely speculative thinker with the responsibility for this war. Nietzsche was, in fact, a man of most violent susceptibility. When he hit upon a new idea, he tells us himself that he wept for joy till his eyes were swollen and red. Later, when he read his own writing in "Zarathustra," he was wrapt in a frenzy and dazed with the beauty of his own splendid eloquence. All this is very foreign to our English minds, but it becomes explicable if we keep in view the physical disabilities under which the philosopher lived, which ended, indeed, in many years of insanity before he died, as late as 1900. Had Germans not with brutal literalism made some of his utterances the substance of their war gospel, Nietzsche would probably have had a little band of disciples and attracted the notice of the man described by Hardy as the "friend of the musing eye," for he was a very curious product of the Bismarckian régime.

In considering economic questions, it is necessary to avoid being misled by the temporary fulness of employment and prosperity of the working classes. A great deal of this comes from supplying the needs of our soldiers. Many of the sleepy little towns in which they have been billeted have been saved from utter stagnation by their presence. Those soldiers have to be fed, clothed and even amused, so that various classes of tradesmen have flourished more than ever owing to the war. Again, the allowances made on account of wives and children have been on an unusually liberal scale, so that many families are better off now than they were when the breadwinner was at home. We have no desire to find fault in any way with these arrangements. They have, in fact, been the means of avoiding hardship and limiting the suffering incidental to war; but it would be a great mistake to expect the activity we have described as permanent in its character. The nation is finding the money for these purposes and spending at an enormous rate. Posterity may justly enough be called upon to pay its share of the expense incurred by establishing a permanent peace, but a considerable part of the expense must be found by the taxpayers of the day. Those, therefore, that are making a profit at the present time ought to be frugal and prudent, so as to lay up something for the less prosperous days that must follow.

In the obituary list of the week are included two well known names—those of Miss Braddon and Lord Londonderry. The former was the most popular novelist of her time. She made a direct appeal to the populace. Her works were called sensational by the more fastidious generation which had been brought up on Sir Walter Scott and Jane Austen. In those days they did not reject an author on the grounds specified by a public librarian the other day, who said that "Treasure Island" was not read much by boys because Stevenson made his hero so quietly natural and convincing that he failed to meet the demand of an appetite fed upon horror which was none the less effective because impossible. Miss Braddon deserves the praise of being a most consistent

and industrious authoress. At her prime she turned out two novels a year with unfailing regularity, and these novels proved to be very attractive features of the periodicals fortunate enough to secure them for serial publication. It would serve no useful purpose, however, to compare her work with that of the great female novelists. It was on a lower plane than that of Mrs. Oliphant and did not come into comparison at all with the splendid work of Jane Austen and Miss Burney. We mention the two together, although well aware of the immense distance between them.

Lord Londonderry has passed away at a comparatively early age, as he was born in 1852. Death was due to pneumonia following a chill contracted at the beginning of last week. Lord Londonderry was a great Unionist and a great Conservative who devoted his energy to resistance of the Home Rule campaign. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for three years, beginning in 1885, when the Secretary for Ireland was Mr. A. J. Balfour. Other offices held by him were the Chairmanship of the London School Board, Postmaster-General, President of the Board of Education and Lord President of the Council. He was very keen on the Volunteer movement, and in every respect was a most loyal and patriotic supporter of the Crown and the Union. He was also famous as one of the pleasantest and most genial of hosts. He is succeeded by Viscount Castlereagh, Member for Maidstone, who is at present on active service.

A LITTLE SONG FOR ST. CLARE.

If I might be
That wounded nestling Francis found to-day
And soothed within his palm so gently! . . . Nay,
That were too sweet for me:

If I might know
The joy of that wild rose upon his breast,
Or that green blade his passing footstep pressed!
God will not have it so. ANGELA GORDON.

Many, perhaps a great majority, would not have been at all surprised if the Hunters' Improvement Society had not held its usual show this year. Everything, but most of all the absence of many hunting men and horses from England, appeared to be against it. But the fact that not only have the entries been kept up, but very considerably exceeded, is a triumphant justification of those who argue that at bottom the Society is utilitarian in its objects, and never had England more need of its help. As many as 263 entries have been received, a number including no fewer than 131 thoroughbred stallions, the largest entry ever received at any Spring Show. For several years past it has been a complaint that the King's Premiums attracted so few stallions that premiums had to be awarded in some cases to horses unworthy of the honour. It may be taken for granted that the new regulations by which the earning power of the King's Premium stallions have been increased account largely for the entry of more and better horses. Keener competition spells greater benefit to breeders. The Board of Agriculture must be congratulated upon the success which has followed the announcement of the higher value of a King's Premium. We hope every reader of COUNTRY LIFE who is interested in horses will not only go himself, but advise all who have any intention of breeding this year to go to Islington on one of the days of the Hunters' Show. It provides unquestionably the finest object lesson that the intending breeder of light horses could desire.

Our golfing readers will with the greatest satisfaction receive the intelligence given them by Mr. Horace Hutchinson to the effect that Captain Cecil Hutchinson is safe and sound. He was reported "Missing," and missing is one of the most uncomfortable words in the vocabulary of war, for it carries a meaning that at the best is doubtful and may often be sinister. However, it means in this case only that Captain Hutchinson is a prisoner in Germany and his relatives have heard from him, so that there is every reason for hoping that when the war is over, if not before, he will once again be seen on the golf links where he is so popular.

A feature of the present war to which Germans, if they were wise, would pay some attention is the evidence that keeps cropping up daily of the utter, unselfish devotion of

the French to their State. The writer of this note has just been conversing with one who is responsible for providing Canadian horses for us and our Allies, and he says that the purchase officers are the very best men he has ever met. He instanced one whom he could not, in his own language, "size up" at a first glance. That is, he could not exactly say whether he should or should not pay his hotel bills. Subsequently, this unpretentious officer proved to be a man of the highest family and fortune, who was giving his services to France simply because he knew about horses and was

determined that his country should have the best that could be procured. Another acquaintance showed a letter from a French countess in which this young lady related with modest and simple regret that she and her French friends had not been taught nursing as well as the English ladies, and that consequently all the aid she could give was to make beds and help in the kitchen. Everywhere this splendid spirit is evinced. No task is too homely for French men and women to perform as long as they know they are serving their Army and their country.

PHOTOGRAPHY OF BIRDS IN WINTER

BIRD photography as an art has made great strides within a comparatively short time. It cannot be much more than a quarter of a century since a North Country photographer, who is still living, began to take nests and eggs *in situ*. His example was followed, and very soon natural history books began to be illustrated with lovely little photographs of nests and eggs in place of the pencil sketches that had been employed at an earlier time. Photographers were not long contented to achieve results so simple. It was soon manifest that anybody who could wield a camera at all could make a charming picture of a bird's nest. Some of the more enterprising improved upon that by taking snapshots of the young birds either

as they were crouching and watching, as if in the presence of an enemy, or hungry and confident, with their long necks thrust up vertically and their large beaks open to receive a tit-bit from the expected parent. The next advance made was to bring in the parent birds as they were going from and returning to the nest or in the very act of feeding their young, thus producing still more lifelike and charming pictures. These have never become too common, because they possess a vivid freshness that belongs to Nature itself.

The fascination of making this kind of picture must have been very great. It took the artist to the

woods and fields what time they are most gay with spring flowers and musical with the chanting of many birds. "In somer," as the old ballad says, when the leaf was green it was a delight to study the life of the birds under the shadow of foliage. Very few, however, have attempted to get on to the same familiar ground with birds in wintertime. For one thing the weather is more forbidding. It is one thing to loiter in the fields when one is glad to have a shade from the hot sun, and another to go out when the ground is hard with frost, the trees are stripped and a cold wind and colder rain or snow may at any time be expected. Another point is, that the bird is less approachable in winter. During the breeding season it is, so to speak, anchored by a very strong though invisible thread

to one spot. It circles round its nest, tied to it by parental instinct. Should it fly away either for food or through fear, it can usually be depended upon to return. But in winter the wild bird is homeless. Instead of food being set before it with the lavish profusion of summer, it has to be hunted for, and many a time travelled for. Migrations in search of food are often forced upon portions of the bird population by the stress of hard times. Add to this the shortness of the days and the badness of the light, and it will readily be understood that what we have called the intimate photography of birds in winter is a task to daunt any but the most



J. H. Symonds.

A WELCOME TIT-BIT ON A WINTER'S DAY.

Copyright.

[Feb. 13th, 1915]

enthusiastic. Nevertheless, as the pictures we show to-day testify, there are men who will not give in even to obstacles like these. Mr. Symonds is assuredly to be classed among the number. He essayed an extremely difficult task when he set out to procure photographs of the jay in wintertime. The jay has learned by experience to be a very shy and wary bird. He is himself a depredator, and for this reason is treated like a robber and an outlaw. The gamekeeper, mindful of his spring forays on the partridge and pheasant eggs, shoots him at sight. In the golgotha of his back garden, where he hangs the heads, tails or skins of his enemies, the bright plumage of the jay holds a conspicuous place. The gamekeeper is, indeed, unscrupulous in his method of slaughtering this bird, because he takes advantage of the moment when the jay's mind is full of love and courtship. The love-sick and preoccupied bird can be easily, and very often is, shot during the breeding season.



J. H. Symonds. WINTER'S COURAGE. Copyright.

Nor is the gardener a great friend of the jay, either. He has against him tales of stolen peas and nuts, and often thirsts for the blood of his wasteful visitor. Nevertheless, we learn from the notes sent by Mr. Symonds that he managed to overcome even the native shyness of the jay, and seems to have had a highly entertaining time in the winter spinney where, during a spell of frost, he watched the wild things contending with the natural difficulties of their position and searching vainly for food among the leaves and withered grass. And it is no hopeless quest as long as withered grass and leaves are visible. The time of trial arrives when an inch or two of snow is laid like a white sheet upon the ground and hides even those small morsels that remain to be picked up. But the hunger thus produced proved to be his ally.

The quest of the jay takes us to the naked spinney in winter. The herbage is dead. On the bushes only a few dry beech leaves rustle in the wind. And yet the life of the place has to go on as usual. We have not, like Mr.



J. H. Symonds. ONE EYE ON THE PHOTOGRAPHER. Copyright.

Symonds, photographed birds under such conditions, but well do we know by experience the fascinating interest of sitting under the shelter of a trunk or bush and silently watching the small creatures come out to forage. A never-failing companion is the wren, which flits cheerily from one dark mass of twiggery to another, dives into the depths.



J. H. Symonds. ALMOST TEMPTED TO FLY DOWN. Copyright.



J. H. Symonds.

TREASURES IN THE EARTH.

Copyright.

pierces into the holes and corners, and is ever to all appearance picking up some infinitely small portion of food. The robin, his ruddy breast in fine keeping with the discoloured winter leaves, seems actually to welcome the appearance of a human intruder and will even venture to take crumbs from the silent spectator's foot. But to win a victory over the jay was a triumph of patience. Yet this bird, so silent and elusive in the nesting time, is a bold, raucous-voiced wanderer in the winter months. He is not nearly so shy then. Only shyness is a comparative term, and it does not mean in this case that he is anything like so bold as a robin. Mr. Symonds proved, however, that the offer of food, gently and firmly persisted in, was too much for this wild bird, and he capitulated. It is interesting to know that this one bird showed himself much bolder than the other jays, which appear to have been more suspicious of their human entertainer. Very curious is his account of the manner in which, when the jay had satisfied his appetite, he carried off bits of food to hide either in holes of the tree or in the ground, showing himself possessed of that hoarding instinct which is so often manifested among his kith and kin. The action is purely instinctive, because it happens both with birds and mammals, such as the squirrel, that lay by their little stores of food, that when they need to draw upon these supplies they apparently have forgotten about them. They cannot go back to the hiding hole. And this would appear to be one of the dividing points between instinct and reason.

The notes of Mr. Symonds on the winter spinney and the birds in it are so good that we quote them verbatim: "Besides chestnuts, monkey-nuts were included in the bill of fare, but their frail shells were no protection for the kernel

within, eight or nine of which were gulped whole in succession. If chestnut trees do not grow up in the spinney for the benefit of future jay generations, it will not be the fault of the bird figuring here. It might be that some rodent, or perhaps by lucky chance he or others of his kind, may unearth them. But be that as it may, almost as heavy a toll was levied upon the supply by the number he placed in the ground, and then with artful confidence made concealment more secure by a top application of leaves, than by the number eaten forthwith. Lumps of bread, too, he took up ivy trees, and the hoarding of this was suggested by the quickness of the return for more. Before I forsook the outskirts of the spinney for further work within among the trees other jays put in an appearance, but they refused to put confidence in my rough grassy structure. On the fence they appeared at ease, but only one or two very hurried visits were made to snatch up a bit of food from the ground. But the old acquaintance was nearly fearless, and would sit and gabble away on the crooked stick quite close to the hiding as if man and danger were unknown.

"The poet who railed at the jay's voice is well justified if he refers to it as ordinarily heard, but I wonder if he ever listened at close quarters to the bird going through—as if out of pure contentment and for its own gratification—his wide repertory of mimicry in the quiet unobtrusive undertone which, in fact, can only be heard properly at a very short distance indeed. To my mind it is a good performance pleasantly delivered for one credited with a coarse tongue only. By spending so many days—ah! weeks—quietly concealed among the small bird life of the spinney I saw something at close hand of their struggle for existence during the lean months of the year."



J. H. Symonds.

SEEKING A HIDING-PLACE IN THE IVY.

Copyright.

HUNTING IN KHAKI.

MR. DAVID DAVIES, politician, man of business and sportsman, is a well known figure in many departments of life in Wales. He is a Master of foxhounds and of otterhounds, and he is much interested in the Welsh Horse. This regiment, largely, if not entirely, mounted on Welsh-bred cobs, is being watched with great interest by all who are interested in ponies and pony breeding, and promises to be hereafter quoted as one of the leading cases in the use of small horses in warfare. Mr. Davies' country is one of hills and moorland, about half pasture and the rest moor, wood and plough. There is but little of the latter. His country is essentially one for small horses. The horse from 15h. to 15.2in., with a blood head and good substance, is the type. The Welsh Horse have sent one squadron out with these hounds, and I hear that another squadron is to go on another occasion. I can hardly imagine a better exercise for cavalrymen than a day in this rough and hilly country. What fine cavalry problems the hunting field offers—to keep in touch with hounds or to recover them when lost or unseen, as they often must be in a country like this.

MORE CHANGES.

The Blankney are to lose Mr. Swan, and the Duhallow and Old Berkshire want new Masters. I foresee that next season will test the faith of hunting men in their sport, for all will have to make efforts to put their respective Hunts on such a sound financial basis that too great a burden may not be thrown on the Masters just at a time when they are least able to bear it. But there is one moral to be drawn. Those Hunts which are resolutely carried on in a whole-hearted fashion are tiding over the difficult times with the most success. I note that the Meynell, for example, are not only hunting regularly, but that they have resolved to hold their agricultural show as usual on Bank Holiday. This is the more important because the point-to-point races, which are such pleasant meetings between the Hunt members and the farmers, will be impossible this year.

A NEW FOREST INCIDENT.

History repeats itself. A similar incident to one which was in the early years of the nineteenth century described by the pen of "Nimrod" and depicted by H. Alken's pencil as having occurred in the Belvoir country has again happened. "Nimrod" tells how Shaw ran a fox to ground in the dusk of a November day, and how they dug him out and threw him to the hounds. The fox slipped through the pack and disappeared into the darkness with the hounds in full cry. On Saturday, late in the afternoon, the New Forest hounds ran a fox to ground close to Burley Village. They proceeded to dig him out and threw him to the hounds. He, too, slipped away, and the hounds dashed off in full cry. There was clearly a scent, and the pitch pack were simply screaming as they disappeared into the darkness. The whole village was roused about six o'clock by the ghostly sounds of the pack which, quite unattended, brought their fox into the park, hustled him round at a rare pace, and marked him to ground in a well known badger's earth in the plantation near the lake in Burley Manor Park. There, of course, he was quite safe, for the badger's stronghold is of long standing.

THE PYTCHELEY.

No pack has prospered more than this. The sport has been good and the fields are quite large for these days. Winwick Warren, the covert in the dip below the hill, might have a history to itself, or at least an essay on typical Pytchley sport. From this pretty covert a fox went away, pointing over the pastures that lie between it and Yelvertoft Field Side. Then he turned to the left, but the Hemplow was not, as some thought, his point, for he came back over the high road and, as though determined to show the Wednesday country to the best advantage, pointed to West Haddon. He practically completed his circle, and then once more he ran out over the grass pastures towards Yelvertoft Field Side, and at last went to ground near Winwick Grange. This was a thoroughly enjoyable hunt, since the fox took his followers over a first rate stretch of country.

THE BELVOIR.

Everyone will hear with regret that Lord Robert Manners has resigned the joint-Mastership of the Duke of Rutland's Hounds. Mr. T. Bouch goes on alone, carrying the horn himself. It is one of the signs of the times that Masters are hunting hounds in countries where a professional huntsman has been hitherto insisted upon. The Belvoir has always employed a professional huntsman. This is not so with the Quorn; twice in its history Masters of the Quorn have hunted the hounds. These were Mr. T. Assheton-Smith and Mr. Osbaldeston. But the need of economy may increase the number of Masters hunting their own hounds. The saving in a four days a week pack would amount to quite £500 a year. Mr. Bouch is a Master who has learned his work as a huntsman in many different countries, and always worked hard. He has, too, been a careful observer of other people's methods. There will be much regret that a Manners no longer has a part in the management of the pack, and Lord Robert would have been popular even without his family claim on the liking of the Hunt members.

HUNTERS AT THE FRONT.

I was much interested to hear the opinion of an officer from the front on the hunters which were taken for the cavalry. He told me that at first some of the officers shared an opinion which I daresay my readers may have seen put forward in the papers that the carefully stabled and cared for hunters would not stand the exposure and hardships. He said that, in fact, the horses from the hunting stables had outlasted many others, and had borne the weather better than some of the horses which had previously led a harder life. He added, the better bred they were, the better they stood it and the more work they did. The fact is, plenty of good food and grooming in its early days fortifies a horse for hard times. Nowadays, the only possible danger (overheated stables) is quite an exception in well regulated hunting establishments. The more experience of horses I have, the more I am convinced that all the talk about pampering young, well bred horses is nonsense, and that the better we feed our young stock and the more care in reason we take of them the better horses they will be, the more work they will do and the longer they will last, always supposing that they are well bred enough to begin with.

THE WEEK.

Now I must turn to the week's sport, for which not much space is left, yet there are runs that deserve to be recalled. A correspondent says: "For the perfection of an ordinary day's foxhunting I should instance Monday with the South Staffordshire. The whole day was well employed thus: Two foxes afoot in Trickley. A pretty scurry with one straight through the covert and to ground, every hound speaking. Then on for a rather slow but good hunt with the other. Bolted once, he went to ground again in the same earth that had sheltered his brother. Then with an afternoon scent hounds found a fox in New Park; they pressed him into the open, and, never leaving him, rolled him over in twenty minutes. What better day could one have than this? Nearly every phase of hunting was illustrated." Then with the Ledbury they had a very fast gallop, provided by two foxes. Found a bold fox in Bromesberrow Gorse. Went away at once, pace fast, country the best in the Hunt, to ground, but a hound casting forward of its own accord picked up the line beyond, and the chase went on without a break, the pack driving as hard and the pace, if anything, faster. The opinion is that hounds have never run so fast since cub-hunting. This fox went to ground at last. The Woodland Pytchley ran a fox into Desborough village street. A motor headed the fox, and after that hounds could make no more of the line. X.

THE FATE OF CAPTAIN C. K. HUTCHISON.

SO many erroneous and conflicting reports have been circulated in regard to the fate, so far as it is known, and the military services of Captain C. K. Hutchison that I should like to take this opportunity of giving, on the very highest possible authority, the true facts. Very briefly stated, the details of his service are as follow: He was first in the Coldstreams (not, as has been stated, the Grenadier) Guards, and served with them twelve years, attaining his captaincy in that regiment. He then retired from the Regular Army and was attached to the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Scots. He went out to the front, however, not with the Royal Scots, but with a draft of the Royal Scots Fusiliers—it is sufficiently embarrassing—and soon after he arrived at the front he became reattached to his old regiment, the Coldstreams, in the 1st Battalion, and was with them in the severe fighting of December 25th, where he so distinguished himself as to be mentioned in despatches. It was on the same day, the 25th, of the following month that he was taken prisoner. We may say with confidence that there is all reason to suppose that he is unwounded and in the hands of the enemy. Mr. Wright, whom many will have known as a master at Eton, obtained a commission in the Coldstreams, and on the morning of January 25th was in a trench with but six or seven men, when Captain Hutchison came into it, apparently as the bearer of a message or order. Almost immediately they found themselves surrounded by Germans, who seem to have sprung from no one knew where. A shot or two were fired; Mr. Wright was wounded. It was evident that there was nothing to be done but to surrender, and accordingly Captain Hutchison went up out of the trench, and he and the half-dozen men were taken prisoners. Mr. Wright was left there, being wounded. He heard no shot fired after Captain Hutchison went out of the trench, and therefore has confidence that the latter was taken unhurt. And, fortunately, the men into whose hands he fell were Saxons, kindly fellows, whose officers spoke courteously to Mr. Wright himself, saying they would leave him there, as he was wounded, till the English came for him. They behaved like Christian gentlemen; therefore there is every hope that Captain Hutchison is not only alive, but is well and unwounded, and that his lot is no more hard than that of a prisoner of war is bound to be. One among the many mistaken accounts of his loss which have been given to the public assumes that the same fate overtook him as that in which Major Clive Morrison Bell, Mr. Crutchley and others were involved. It was, however, quite another incident of war by reason of which they have to be reckoned among the missing, and unhappily there does not seem to be at all the same warrant for presuming their safety. H. G. H.

Since writing the above, I have heard that Captain Hutchison's mother has received a post-card from him, stating that he is "safe and comfortable," and mentioning especially that Prince Lowenstein has been most kind to him.

Feb. 13th, 1915.]

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M. Mackay.

THE BARN-BIRD.

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IN THE GARDEN.

EVERGREENS ON WALLS IN WINTER.

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

IT is only in the depth of winter that we fully appreciate the value of evergreen shrubs and trees. In woodland, in the colder months, there is often nothing green but Holly and Ivy. It is then that we see what precious things are these two native evergreens; not only beautiful in themselves, but giving evidence of comfortable harbourage to many forms of wild life. So also in gardens, the shrubs with persistent foliage, that in summer passed almost without notice, acquire their full value in winter, and are then in their richest dress.

In planting garden spaces against buildings the mistake is often made of having borders of temporary or summer plants only, especially in such places as narrow borders between house wall and terrace walk; but if these are filled with evergreens, such as *Laurustinus*, Rosemary, Lavender and *Berberis*, with, among them, a few points of interest as of China Rose and Lilies, there is a pleasant sense of permanence and a kind of dignity that is in harmony with the sentiment of a good building. When a garden is terraced, and there are retaining walls of solid masonry at the back of borders, the good use of evergreen shrubs is important, not only for their own display, but for winter clothing and as a background to the flowery masses of summer. There are many more shrubs suitable for such places than are generally thought of. Where walls are fairly high, there are such fine things as the evergreen Magnolias and Bay (no matter if they rise above the wall level). Myrtle, Azara and white Jasmine, for though Jasmine is not strictly evergreen, not only does it hold its leaves till Christmas, but the mass of green stem shows with a general green effect. Some climbing Roses have the same quality; Jersey Beauty is now (late in January) not only well clothed with its polished foliage, but is bearing such quantities of red hips in thickish bunches that its whole effect is highly ornamental. Reine Olga, that good red Rose that makes yearly growths twelve to fifteen feet long, will be in fine foliage through February and even later. Garden Ivies are only too numerous, but the very large-leaved *Hedera dentata* and the small marbled Caenwood variety are so distinct that they should not be forgotten. *Cistus cyprius* is a fine thing on a fairly high wall, its fragrant foliage turning strangely blue in winter. Shrubs with variegated leaves should be used with caution, to avoid the danger of a patchy effect; but where questions of colour are carefully considered and a harmonious background for flowers of bright yellow colouring is desired, it is well to train on the wall both the gold-splashed *Elæagnus* and the Golden Privet.

Walls from five to seven feet high will take shrubs of medium height. One of the best is *Laurustinus*, excellent for wall training and yet but seldom used. All the three varieties well known in gardens are equally suitable, but of special beauty is the May-blooming *Viburnum lucidum*. It is tenderer than the two other kinds, *V. Tinus* and *V. hirtum*, and is much benefited by being trained on a wall with a warm exposure. They are quite vigorous enough for high walls, but are perhaps better seen on those of lesser height. *Garrya elliptica*, with its pretty tassels of midwinter bloom, is also suitable for high or lower

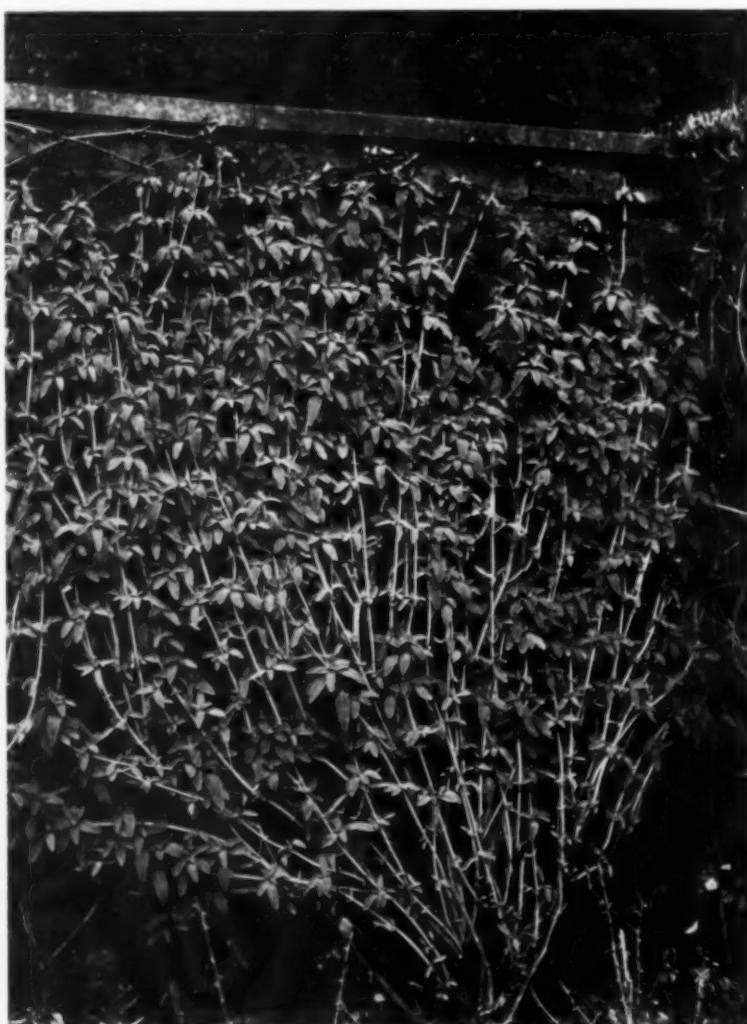
walls. Myrtles, in warmest places, should not be forgotten, and the handsome *Buxus balearica*. *Escallonia macrantha* and *E. philippiana* are both beautiful on walls, the latter flowering in late summer when shrub bloom is rare. *Choisya ternata* is one of the best of wall shrubs, and Rosemary, often seen on walls in Italy, should be so used at home. The grey, Sage-like foliage of *Phlomis fruticosa*, a shrub commonly grown as a bush in the open, is capital trained, and still better is the beautiful grey-leaved Groundsel, *Senecio Grayi*.

For lower walls there is still a good choice of evergreen covering, such as several of the lesser New Zealand Veronicas. The taller *Veronica Traversii* is of a size for the wall of medium height, but there is a dwarf variety of this well suited for the lower terrace. Other New Zealanders, *Olearia Haastii*, *O. stellulata* and *O. macrodonta*, will also be welcome; several kinds of *Cotoneaster*, *Euonymus radicans* and *Daphne pontica*, the last filling the garden with its sweet scent in April and May. *Aucubas* can be used in shady places, and *Cassinia fulvida* must not be overlooked. Its tiny gold-backed leaves, set on

long sprays that quickly grow, make it one of the prettiest things to cut and put with winter flowers in the house. Even *Berberis Aquifolium*, so useful and frequent as a bush in every garden, can be trained on a low wall with singularly good effect.

THE TEMPORARY TREATMENT OF WET SOIL.

THE heavy rains experienced in nearly all parts of the country during the present winter have seriously handicapped gardening operations, and in many districts where the soil is largely composed of clay it is at present almost impossible, and certainly inadvisable, to sow or plant. Although the best method of avoiding excessive moisture in the soil is undoubtedly to lay proper drains, this is a costly and lengthy operation, and in most gardens, during normal seasons, is not necessary. Deep and frequent working of the soil, which necessitates breaking up the lower strata, will generally effect all the drainage that is necessary, and where this has been thoroughly carried out there is not likely to be any serious harm done, even by a con-



THE JERUSALEM SAGE, *PHLOMIS FRUTICOSA*, IN WINTER.
This is a beautiful grey-leaved shrub.

tinuous deluge such as that of the present season.

On the other hand, many gardens have not been so well cultivated, and it is only reasonable to ask what temporary measures can at present be taken to rid the surface at least of its excessive water. Where the garden is small, a sink-away will prove more beneficial than anything else. This is a pit, 4ft. or more in diameter dug at the lowest point of the garden, and filled in with any rough material, such as bricks, old bottles, tins or anything else of a lasting character, and the whole covered with 9in. or 1ft. of earth, so as to render the place slightly. Four feet will not be too deep for the hole, and 2ft. more will be better unless standing water is encountered in the process of digging. During frosty weather wet land may with advantage be thrown into ridges 18in. or more in height, and the same in width at the base. If these ridges run from the highest point to the lowest, and the furrows between are cleared of loose earth, a great deal of surface water will be carried away. A cross furrow at the lower end of the ridges would serve to convey the water into the sink-away already described, and a plot 50yds. square would be

considerably benefited by this treatment. This ridging of soil can also be carried out without frost, providing the land has been left untouched since the autumn crop was removed; but if the soil has been recently turned over and is of a tenacious or marly character, it will be better left alone until it has dried somewhat, any attempt at ridging or other working doing more harm than good.

A larger plot would be considerably improved by the presence of several smaller sink-aways, made in various parts. These, if 3ft. deep and the same in diameter, would effectively drain the upper stratum of an area of ten square yards without ridging, and at the same time enable the owner to dispose of any household rubbish that is so often an eyesore.

Where it is necessary to sow seeds early, and the soil is very wet, a great deal may be accomplished by adding other material. Naturally, this could not be done on a very extensive scale, but for a row or two of Peas, a bed of early Carrots, Parsnips or Onions, it would be quite practicable. In most gardens a smother or fire is made for consuming rubbish, and the ashes and earth that result provide a particularly valuable material for the improvement of wet soil. A 3in. thick mulch, spread on the surface and then forked into the top 6in., will almost revolutionise the worst kind of soil and render it suitable for early seed sowing. Old potting material, such as every good gardener collects when emptying pots, spent lime or old mortar, road scrapings from country roads, or, indeed, anything of a porous nature, may with advantage be utilised in this way.

HARDY HEATHS IN WINTER.

FOR some reason that is not apparent the hardy Heaths that usually blossom in mid-winter are opening their flowers later this year. When looking over a collection a few days ago I was surprised to find that Erica mediterranea hybrida, the most beautiful and early flowering of all, was only just commencing its display of dainty, rose pink flowers. It is a glorious, low-growing Heath, and ought to be planted in masses in every garden where the soil is free from lime. Erica lusitanica, or E. codonodes, is another fine winter Heath. It makes a neat bush some 3ft. in height, and the upper portion of each shoot forms a graceful, tassel-like growth, whence hang suspended myriads of tiny white fragrant flowers. These sprays are excellent for cutting, and last in good condition for some time when placed in water. Soon that other dwarf, and perhaps better known, Winter Heath, Erica carnea, will be creating warm patches of deep rose colour. Already the buds are far advanced, and to a casual passer-by, would give the impression that they are fully developed, but it is not until we get longer and brighter days that their deep colour will be fully revealed. Curiously enough, this Heath has been found to thrive in several places where limestone abounds, hence it should prove a valuable winter plant for those whose gardens contain lime in any form. All Heaths appreciate decayed vegetable matter, such as peat and leaf-soil, for their roots to ramble in, but peat is not indispensable, though many writers would have us believe that it is.

AN INTERESTING BERRIED PLANT FROM ITALY.

At the last two meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society considerable interest has been created by exhibits of berried sprays of Solanum ciliatum.

These have been imported from Italy, and previous to the meeting held on the 19th ult. were unknown to most horticulturists in this country. The plant is a native of Porto Rico, and makes a large spreading bush of shrub-like character. The shoo's are protected by numerous spines, each about a quarter of an inch in length, and between the nodes hang suspended the brilliant scarlet fruits which render the sprays so useful for winter decoration. Miss Willmott has grown this Solanum in her garden in Italy, where it makes a glorious bush, the Tomato-like fruits creating vivid patches of colour in the landscape. In her garden at Warley, in Essex, however, the fruits do not colour well, but it is quite possible that in the warmer counties, such as Devon and Cornwall, they would receive sufficient autumn sun to bring them to perfection. According to Nicholson, this plant is of annual duration only, but its hard, woody stems cast some doubt on this assertion. As seed is likely to be available for sowing this spring, it would be interesting to learn next autumn whether anyone has been successful in obtaining well coloured fruits outdoors.

TWO WINTER-FLOWERING RHODODENDRONS.

It is curious that two beautiful Rhododendrons which naturally flower outdoors at midwinter should be so little known, even among those who highly appreciate hardy shrubs. Only last week I was reminded of the taller of the twain, R. nobleanum, by coming across, in a little clearing in a rather dense belt of trees, a magnificent plant nearly 20ft. high carrying a considerable number of bunches of rosy scarlet flowers. A plant such as this on the first day of February is certainly worth recording, and one would like to see this Rhododendron more freely planted. It is true that in some winters frost and snow play havoc with the blossoms as soon as, or even before, they open, but this ought not to prevent us giving it a corner. The other Rhododendron I have in mind is R. dauricum, a dwarf species from Northern China. In referring to notes made at the time, I find this was flowering freely at Kew on December 30th, 1913. It makes a neat bush from 2ft. to 3ft. high, and in a mild winter is covered with rosy purple flowers. At a time when nearly everything else is dull and apparently lifeless these are particularly welcome, and are seen to better advantage if the Rhododendrons are planted immediately in front of some kind of dark-leaved evergreen such as Yew or Holly.

A BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN FLOWER-BED.

As the present is a good time to plant herbaceous Phloxes, I will give particulars of a very effective bed that I saw in a Southern garden last autumn. This bed was a circular one, about 20ft. in diameter, and situated in a rolling stretch of lawn bordered by a belt of shrubs, most of which were dark leaved evergreens. The white herbaceous Phlox, Mrs. E. H. Jenkins, had been planted about 2ft. apart all over the bed, and between these the scarlet-flowered Gladiolus branchedyrs. The contrast of white and scarlet during August and well into September was particularly good, especially as the bed was so situated that when seen from the house the belt of shrubs formed a dark background. Plants of this Phlox and the corms of the Gladiolus are not expensive, and can be purchased from almost any good nursery. The Phlox needs deeply cultivated and well manured soil, with plenty of moisture during the growing season. If a bed of this kind is dug and manured at once and the Phloxes planted not later than the first week in March, good results may be expected next autumn. The Gladioli should be planted about 4in. deep at the end of March or early in April. H.

INEXPENSIVE Sires.

UNDER existing circumstances—stress of war, depreciation of investments, general reduction of income, and doubt as to when to look for returning prosperity—it is not surprising to find that many breeders are turning their attention to well bred sires whose services are available at a modest fee. A further incentive to the "discovery" of cheap or comparatively cheap sires is to be found in the absolute refusal of owners of fashionable and therefore expensive stallions to abate one jot of their demands. It is not for me to say that these "fashionable" sires are not—or rather, were not—worth the fees at which they stand. To a wealthy owner whose stud is merely a factory from which his racehorses are turned out it matters little what fee he may pay for the use of a stallion; but to public breeders, men who breed for sale, a stallion is only worth his fee when that fee is justified by returns in the sale ring. So long as fashionably bred yearlings continued to make big prices it was well worth a breeder's while to risk a fee of 300 guineas or 400 guineas for a stallion. For the time being, however, big prices—from 2,000 guineas to 5,000 guineas, or even 6,000 guineas—for yearlings are not forthcoming, nor are they likely to be for some little time to come, and owners of expensive stallions will very likely have to consider seriously whether in the long run it will not be to their advantage if they now do something to meet the interests of breeders who do not feel justified in paying heavy fees for the services of a stallion.

Be these things as they may, there is a wide field open to breeders willing and able to rely upon their own knowledge and experience in assisting them to mate their mares with horses for whose services a very modest fee is asked. To mention

a few, we might begin with Tullibardine, untried as a sire, but a young horse of great promise, a proved stayer, a fine, well grown horse and a right well bred one into the bargain. He is by S. Frusquin out of Floors, by Trenton, and represents therefore the always successful cross of St. Simon on Musket. He appears, moreover, to be a good foal getter, for, to the best of my knowledge, none of the mares covered by him last year is barren. Such a horse might well get first class stock, and is certainly cheap enough at 19 guineas inclusive. Shogun at 19 guineas represents a promising speculation. It is true that owing to lack of proof, the pedigree of the family to which Shogun belongs is excluded from the Stud Book, but this did not prevent the purchase of Shogun for 2,000 guineas as a yearling, or from distinguishing himself as a racehorse. His trainer always maintained, indeed, that he was unluckily beaten in the Derby. There is, too, this in his favour, that pretty nearly all the members of the famous H.B. family from which he descends have won, and do win races, Shogun's own contribution to the family credit consisting of the winning of eighteen races, being three times runner-up to Craganour and putting together more than 8,000 sovs. of public money. A further consideration is that Shogun's half-brother, Prospector, by Pioneer, has already got winners, so that one way and another Mr. E. Hulton ought not to find any difficulty in filling Shogun's subscription list at 19 guineas. An Ascot Cup winner at 18 guineas sounds tempting, and that is Bomba, by Carbine out of St. Neophyte, by St. Simon. No matter what fee a breeder might be willing to pay, he cannot well find a horse with a better pedigree than Dorando, by Cyllene, out of Nadejda, herself own sister to the three famous brothers,

Florizel II, Diamond Jubilee and Persimmon. At 19 guineas a horse so bred, good-looking and a winner of races, ought to be worth thinking about—so breeders appear to think, at all events, for he had a full list of mares last season. Mention the name of Magic, and back come recollections of the sensational race in which he beat the great Bayardo for the Goodwood Cup. He was, it is true, receiving a lot of weight, but then he was only a three year old and Bayardo was Bayardo. Anyhow, there he is, with such credit as is his due, got by Martagon (brother in blood to Ormonde) out of Sesame, by St. Simon—all that for 8 guineas. Grey horses are rather fashionable than

winners" a fee of 18 guineas—little enough for such a horse—has to be paid. Then there is Bowman. What about such a horse as this at 8 guineas? A winner of races from five furlongs to two miles, among them the Derby Gold Cup and the Prince Edward Handicap, and got by Chaucer—fee 200 guineas—out of Sagitta, by Isinglass out of La Flèche, and so own sister to John O'Gaunt. Rather more expensive, but very cheap surely, is King's Proctor, a most blood-like, powerful and symmetrical horse by Persimmon, out of Decree Nisi, by Wisdom out of Partition, by Isonomy. Many people who saw King's Proctor racing under National Hunt Rules seem



TULLIBARDINE.



BOMBA.

otherwise just now, so that attention may be turned to Senseless, by Grey Leg out of Senses, by Raeburn out of Nerves, by Berserker out of Dolly Agnes, by Castlereagh out of Fair Agnes, by Voltigeur.

Not quite in the first class, Senseless was a very useful racehorse; one way and another he picked up over 5,000 sovereigns in stake money and, above all, was an exceptionally sound, good-tempered and honest horse. Such a character is worth a good deal, but it is included in the 18 guineas representing the fee for the services of Senseless. "Winners and dams of winners free"

to have forgotten that he also won races at five furlongs, a mile, a mile and a quarter, and a mile and a half on the flat. His stock are very promising, and the first of his two year olds will make their appearance in public in the course of the present season. "Averages" are often misleading; were we to go by Cornstalk's average he would be the leading sire of the day, for everyone of his stock that has run has won races, but there have only been three of them. It is through no fault of his that there have not been more, but simply because breeders have neglected him. Why, it is difficult to say, for



W. A. Rouch.

SENSELESS.



DORANDO.

Copyright.

is an offer which should find plenty of people ready to send good mares of that description to such a regular Stockwell type of horse as Adam Bede, winner of the Duke of York Stakes and the Cambridgeshire Stakes. Got by Adam, one of the best, if not the very best, of the sons of Flying Fox, out of Grace Gumberts, Adam Bede was bred in America, but his pedigree is free from the taint of American native blood, so that the veriest purist in breeding need not hesitate to use him. As a matter of fact, his list was full last season, and it should be mentioned that for mares other than "winners or dams of

he is by Trenton our of Glare (dam of Flair, Lady Lightfoot, Lesbia, Vivid, etc.), and would certainly, so Sam Darling always maintained, have shown his merit as a racehorse had he not broken down in training for the Cesarewitch. I am not sure whether Cornstalk's fee is 9 guineas or 18 guineas for this year—but it matters little which.

Mention of Cornstalk, or, rather, of his dam, Glare, brings to mind his half-brother, Romeo, by Flying Fox. Here is fashion indeed, and available at 9 guineas; fashion which led Mr. R. Mills to give 3,300 guineas for Romeo as a yearling. Romeo



CORNSTALK.



SHOGUN.

could go a bit, too, and has won races both on the flat and over hurdles. At the same stud—Steventon Manor, Basingstoke—and in the same ownership, are Vamore, own brother to Flying Fox, and sire of a good many winners in France, and that very

winner of 1902 and of the Eclipse Stakes in the following year, out of Hyères (sister to Seabreeze), by Isonomy out of St. Marguerite, by Hermit out of Devotion. Huon II is owned by Mr. E Kennedy, owner of the famous Straffan Station Stud,



HOLIDAY HOUSE.



KING'S PROCTOR.

speedy horse, Prester Jack, by French Fox out of Canto—9 guineas is the fee for both of these. At the moment I can only call to mind one son of Ard Patrick now serving in England, or, rather, in Ireland. That one is Huon II, got by the Derby

and is standing at a fee of £9 19s., so that his stock may be able to profit by the breeding allowances. It may be added that Huon II won fifteen races, amounting to about 8,000 sovereigns in value, in Germany. Such a horse should be worth a trial.



MAGIC.



BEPPO.

A horse of rare power, bone and quality is Holiday House by Queen's Birthday out of Helen Mary. He won four races off the reel as a two year old, among them the Seaton Delaval Stakes and the Wynyard Plate. His racing career was cut short by an accident, and he was a young, fresh horse when he went to the stud in 1911. Here his stout, staying blood

was available through a good channel at 18 guineas. Wax Bullet, brother in blood to Wargrave and Spearmint, is cheap enough at 9 guineas ; so also is Phaleron, himself a winner of over £10,000, by Gallinule out of Mrs. Butterwick at 18 guineas.

Many more "cheap" sires are available ; those mentioned above have been taken at random from last week's *Calendar*. B.

DOGS OF THE BRITISH BREED.

TWO or three centuries ago the British nation must have been a singular amalgam of piety and brutality. That the former virtue was simple and sincere is evident to all who are familiar with the Book of Common Prayer, or who have had the good fortune to read some of the petitions offered to the Almighty in times of national stress and danger. The more unpleasant side of the racial character is revealed to us through the nature of the sports that most gratified the hearts of the populace. Some of these were not only unobjectionable, but distinctly praiseworthy, fitting men for military exercises and strengthening their bodies; but of bull and bear baiting and the like no terms of condemnation are sufficiently strong. Cesar de Saussure, who wrote so well about this country during the reigns of the first two Georges, remarked that there was cruelty and even ferocity in some of the pastimes of the people. He had seen men and women gladiators fighting, but the cockpit pleased him better. Apparently he was not present at a bull baiting, although this mis-called sport continued well into the last century, and was not made illegal by Act of Parliament without many protests about the degeneracy of the race, and so on. Mr. William Windham, whose influence was the means of throwing out a Bill in 1802, protested that the poor laboured under too many restraints with regard to their amusements, and he was all in favour of encouraging athletic exercises among the lower classes. Sheridan got through his armour by pointing out the difference between the Spanish bull fights and our own recreation. In the former it was the men who fought and not the dogs. The debate inspired the following witticism :

For dogs and hares
And bulls and bears
Let Pultenay still make laws,
For sure I be
That none but he
So well can plead their cause.

Of all the House,
Of man and mouse,
No one stands him before,
To represent
In Parliament
The brutes, for he's a boar (bore).

England had to wait another two-and-thirty years, however, before more humane counsels prevailed. Dog fighting, in which the protagonists were usually bulldogs or bull terriers, continued until a later date, and, from little whispers that have reached me, I should not care to say that it is wholly extinct. Mrs. Jagger,



DULAIS HERMIT.

are daily and nightly giving the lie to the supposition that courage would dwindle with the prohibition of torturing dumb animals, while the bulldog himself, the hero of the story, rejoices in the harmless combats of the show ring, or serves his master with a fidelity rendered none the weaker by an awakened intelligence.

If writers are to be believed, the old time bulldog had less cerebral development than any of his kind. Brutalised by his environment and occupation, he rarely came under the ameliorating influences through which mankind gets *en rapport* with the animal kingdom. It may be that the civilising process is being pushed too far the other way ; certainly that sour expression, which is so much prized, is too often replaced by a soft and puggy look. Physically, of course, great changes are apparent, the animal having become squarer, more solidly built, and standing upon shorter legs. The upward thrust of the under jaw, suggesting the inverted beak of a bird of prey, is more pronounced ; the nose has receded ; the face become more wrinkled. An old-timer would be laughed out of court if he ventured to poke his sinister face into the ring to-day. Yet occasionally

the ancient spirit breaks out, demonstrating the law of atavism. There are still a few bulldogs that will rush blindly at horse or bullock, and I have heard of others that would seize a spoke of a revolving wheel, coming off second best in the encounter. I have had one or two myself that I am convinced were not wholly *compos mentis*. These are the exceptions, however, to the rule that tells us they are usually capable of deep and abiding attachment to those they love, with brain power about normal. Memory brings back to mind one summer afternoon many years ago, when, as I was seated in the garden, my first bull bitch staggered to me and died at my feet. The faithful creature, suffering from pneumonia in her old age, had cleared the 5ft. railing that confined her to a stall in the stable, and had come to bid us farewell in her last extremity.

This week we give pictures of three specimens that are worth looking at. Cynics may be tempted to propound a conundrum—"When is a bulldog not a bulldog?" The answer being, "When he is a roly-poly pudding." That is to say, so many are blessed with beautiful heads, but ruined by a shapeless body, almost as square at the flanks as behind the shoulders. Most of us have given up the idea of reviving the roach back in despair, so seldom is it seen, and so busily are we engaged in preventing its appearance by breeding for short backs. At least we should endeavour to preserve the cut up of loins and tapering hind quarters. I am altogether in favour of the short back, but I would have that tenuity behind of which Dr. Johnson spoke in criticising the bulldog of a friend. Ribs are often not well enough sprung, nor are briskets always as deep as we should wish. In Major W. Bramwell Jones' Champion Wasso Hermit and Dr. Beresford's Willonyx none of these defects is manifested. To take the little Welsh brindle first, since he has had the honour of being discussed more than most from the day Dr. Aubrey Ireland made him the champion dog at the Kennel Club Show a year or two ago. His has been a case of confounding and converting the critics. Those who came to curse, after overhauling him at close quarters, have gone away bestowing benedictions, the worst they can say about him being that he should be a few pounds heavier. Give him another 5lb. or 8lb., and what a model he would be! He is a model now, for all that, handling better than he looks, and many would not credit that he turns the scale at 40lb. He is full of character all over, and he looks a bulldog. My recollection of Dulais Hermit when she won in the bitch puppy class at the Crystal Palace in 1913, is too vague to enable me to say anything with confidence. She is by Willonyx, that most taking dog owned by Dr. Beresford. Another bulldog this, in every respect, but on more massive lines than Wasso Hermit. He has great power, surprising agility for one of his weight, and a grand natural front. Put a trifle more on to his under jaw and it would be hard to find his compeer. His splendid soundness must appeal to one, while his rollicking exuberance makes him a general favourite among all his human friends. He is the sort of dog



CH. WASSO HERMIT.

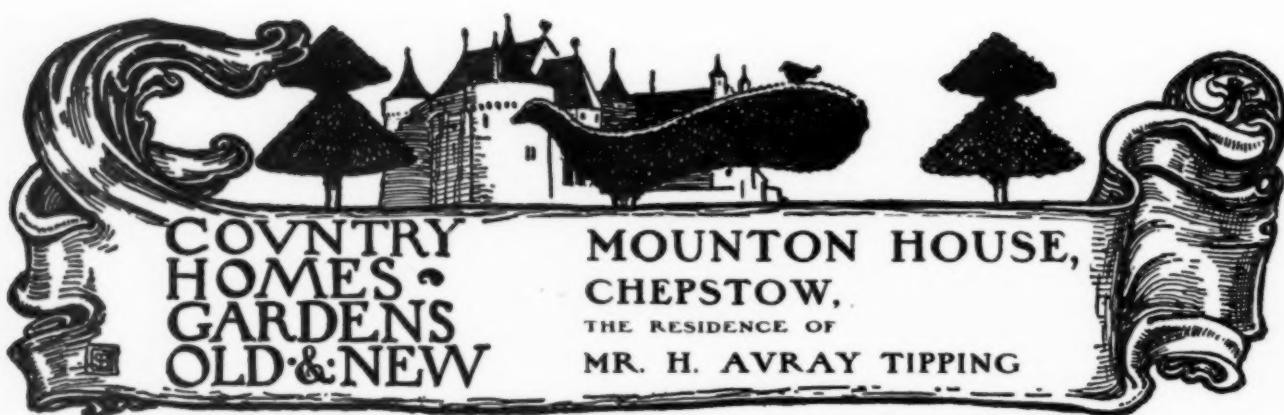
that is bound to be among the best when there is hot competition afoot, and, with youth on his side, he should continue to do much winning for his popular owner.

The vitality of the breed is marvellous, considering the incessant demands made upon our leading stock by American owners. That no serious general deterioration is observable is a remarkable tribute to the skill of our breeders, and the class of stock they have at home in their kennels. Taken on the whole, I assume it will be agreed that the bitches are superior to the dogs, thanks to the magnetic influence of American dollars. It is satisfactory to think that the owners of Willonyx and Wasso Hermit have not yet succumbed to the blandishments of gentlemen who are not in the habit of accepting a refusal if they want anything.

A. CROXTON SMITH.



WILLONYX.



AT no time in England has so much attention been devoted to the maintenance and repair of old houses as during the last quarter of a century. The study of the history of domestic architecture has been almost a passion with some. At the same time, there has flourished an equal delight in house building and garden making. The telephone and the motor-car have revolutionised country life; electrical and other appliances have invaded the home. All sorts of new conveniences and labour saving contrivances have been placed at our disposal, while simultaneously there has been a shrinkage in the supply of domestic labour and a steady rise in the demand for its comfortable and even luxurious accommodation. Appreciation of the aesthetic architectural merit of the old house builders has been the chief agent in improving the character of modern building, where it has improved. Not that good modern architecture is ever a mere copying of some ancient style, but the study of the old has taught what fifty years of machine work had made us forget—the simple efficiency of sound handcraftsmanship applied to good local materials when good proportions and convenient adaptation to use are steadily kept in view.

Readers of COUNTRY LIFE are well aware that Mr. Avray Tipping is a knowledgeable person in the matter of English domestic architecture. Many of us have learnt much of what we know of the subject from his articles upon the old houses of England. At Brinsop he has shown what he could do in repairing and bringing again into distinguished habitability a fine fourteenth century house that had gone far towards decay. To-day we have to consider him in a

new light, as having planned and built *de novo* an imposing house for himself. Few architects have had the chance to build so large a house for themselves. Great houses are generally a compromise between the design of an architect and the notions of his client. At Mounton there has been no such contest. The designer has had a free hand, and has built what he pleased for himself. In another respect the conditions were no less unusual. As a rule, when a new house is built on a new site, the building rises gauntly in the midst of unguarded ground. At Mounton the garden preceded the house by a good many years, but it does not here call for more than brief mention. Mr. Tipping's former home was a fourteenth century house, once a Bishop's Palace, a mile or two away from Mounton. To abandon this old house must have involved a wrench, for it is a charming little place—just what an old house ought to be—full of quaint corners and surprising turns, with little gothic windows in attractive niches and little rooms and crooked staircases, and always steps up or steps down from this room or passage into that. And with all the picturesqueness there was plenty of comfort—great fireplaces, convenient nooks to sit in where the light fell on book or table from the proper angle; and outside all was gardened to perfection. It was not a case of a garden to be made or of trees to be planted—not a garden of hope but one actually of fruition, with water in it in pools and channels, and all manner of delights. I suppose the owner felt that he had exhausted its possibilities and had a craving for a larger field of activity, which manifested itself first in him in relation to the garden. Matherne Palace—that was its glorious name—was situated in the plain that stretches to where Wye and Severn meet. In the opposite



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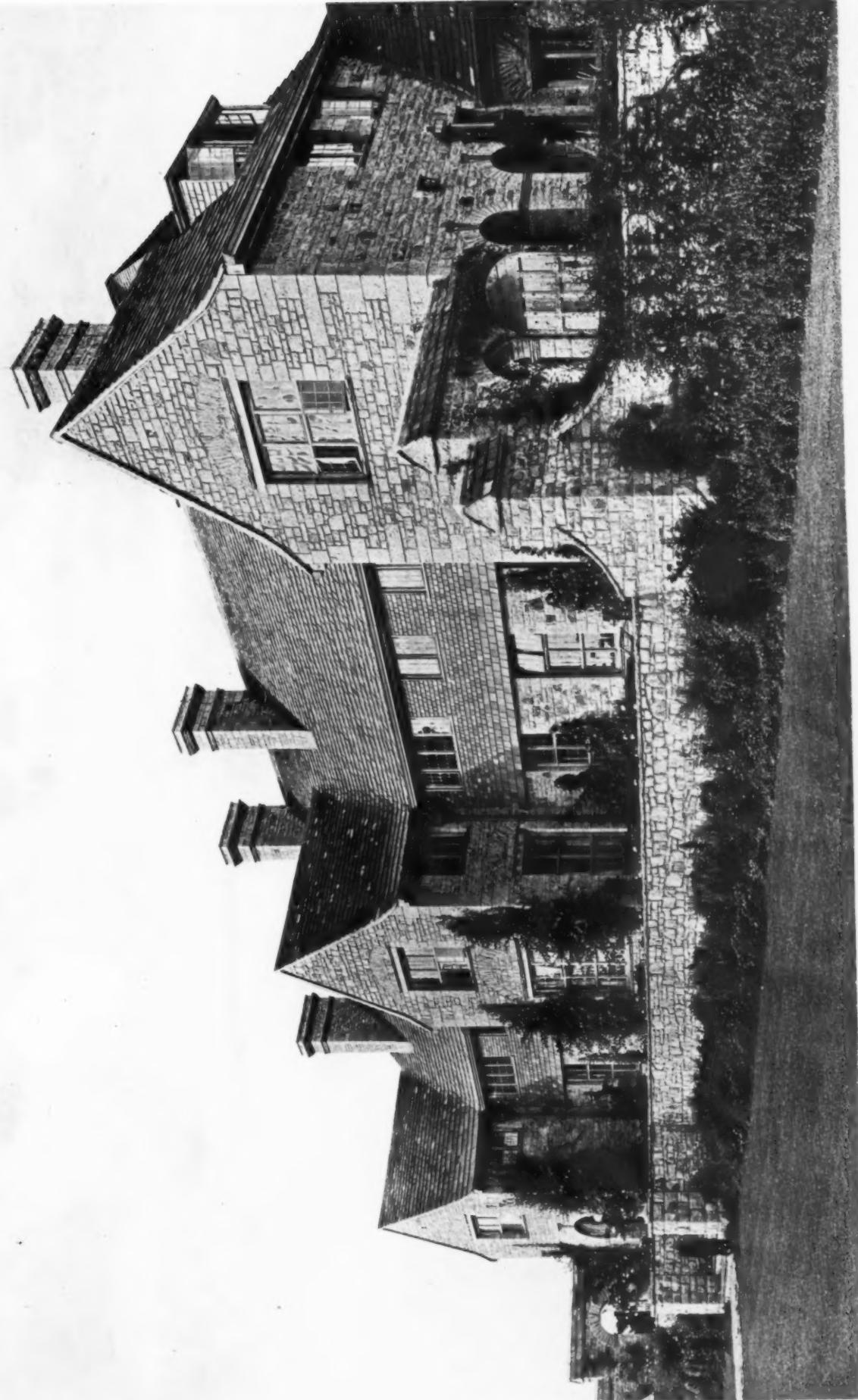
ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE NORTH.

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GARDEN FRONT FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

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[Feb. 13th, 1915.]



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ON THE TERRACE LOOKING EAST.

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SOUTH-EAST COURT AND LOGGIA.

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NORTH-WEST COURT AND LOGGIA.

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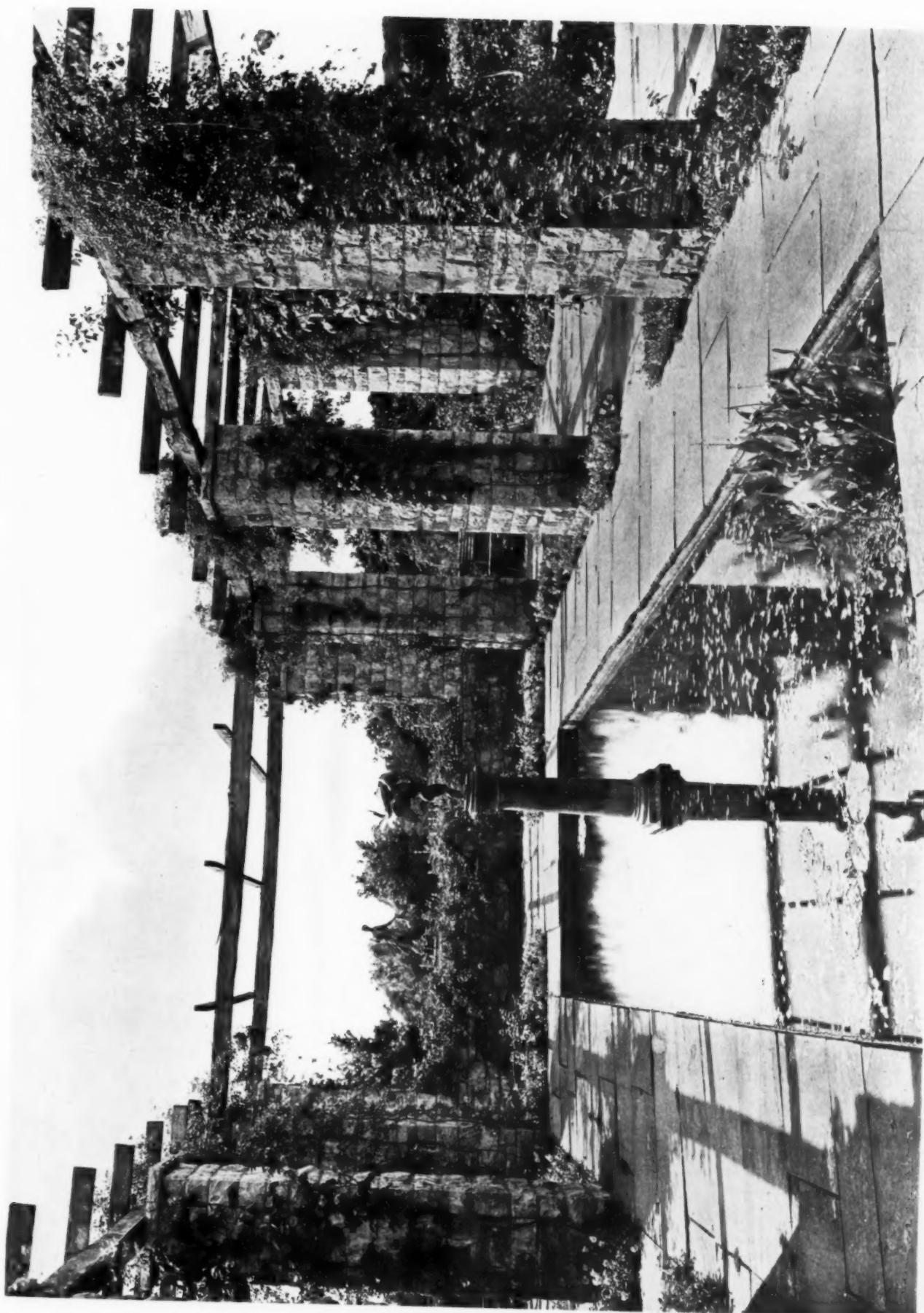
direction it soon slopes up towards the higher lands of South Wales. In the first belt of this limestone uplift was a pleasant valley, unspoiled of man, through which a trout stream laughed and babbled, twisting this way and that, and tumbling merrily over stony obstructions. There were little flats of meadow outlined by its curving banks, and there was a cliff of rock that looked down upon it on one side. In this valley was a coppice and standard wood, and above the cliff was a plateau sloping gently towards the south-west and commanding fine views over the Bristol Channel to the distant Mendips. Here, then, Mr. Tipping began to cut and plant, trim and fashion and add, till the little valley blossomed wonderfully with a wild garden in whose naturalness there was a great deal of hidden art. Year by year the garden extended till finally it invaded the upper plateau, and only then was it decided to plant a house there. The actual site was a bare, treeless field widely visible. Hence the building ran the risk of great prominence, and might have looked from afar for years like a packing case thrown down in the field. It was also to stand exposed to mighty gales sweeping in from the Atlantic, so that it must be designed to obtain for the house and approaches all the shelter that outbuildings, high walls and so forth could provide. It was decided that the materials employed should either be of local origin or at least in visible conformity with local history and custom. Such were the conditions of the problem, and they have been efficiently met. A quarry on the estate produces an excellent limestone dashed with irregular pinks, purples, and other warm and varied tones. This and oak, much used in the locality, provided the material for walls. Till recently roofs hereabouts were covered with stone tiles, but no quarry for such is now locally known, so they were brought from further afield.

The actual approach to the house at the end of a park drive is between cottages, buttressed walls and outbuildings, ending in a colonnade, where a right-angled turn leads to the forecourt before the door. All these buildings are designed to group together, and fashioned in a simpler form of the same style as the house, opportunities being made for decorative gardening and all chance of untidiness avoided by the provision of enclosed courtyards and so forth. Those who remember the approach to Markenfield, in Yorkshire, will not need to be reminded how effective such an arrangement of outbuildings may be made. The forecourt is enclosed by a low wall in front, a higher one on the left (shutting off the kitchen yard), a long, single-storeyed building on the right which holds the gallery, and the main body of the house opposite. This north, or entrance, façade is defined by a short gable-ended stone-built wing returned on either side and a half-timbered section between, the position of the door in the centre being emphasised by a slight projection carried upwards above the main level of the eaves. The general effect is plain but agreeable, the only other outstanding feature being the chimneys, which all rise along interior lines, and do not cause the heat of fires to be wasted on outside walls. The fine expanse of stone roof is delightful, and here the

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POOL AND PERGOLA GARDEN.

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SOUTH-EAST END OF TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

hand of time will decorate amazingly in years to come. The half-timbering, introduced for structural convenience, is framed in the pleasant fashion common all over England till the end of the fifteenth century, the spaces between the uprights being slightly narrower than the uprights themselves.

The main extension of the house being from east to west, it follows that the south front, facing the sunshine, the garden and the view, and covering in the principal living rooms, is the one most frequently under the eyes of the inhabitants. There is a warm sheltered terrace below the façade, and then the ground drops away, rough, rocky ground, with stones pushing up through the thin soil and here and there a rock pool contrived in hollow places. Here are rustic stone staircases and paths that wander down to the edge, where the gardened valley suddenly opens below. From the upper lip of this valley one of our views is taken, showing the whole extent of this south front—the long straight line of the roof, the three out-jutting gables, each above a slightly projecting wing, while at either end a coped wall stands out, pierced by a round-headed doorway, affording further shelter to the terrace and giving access to pleasant places, east and west. It is unnecessary to describe the style of the openings or the character of the stonework of the house, as our illustrations speak for themselves; but what a reader will not so easily be able

to imagine is the agreeable character of the terrace itself. It is edged only by a very low wall, just high enough to shelter a long stretch of flowers, cool in tone—ivy-leaved geraniums and heliotropes; while immediately under the house wall are other similar beds, all framed in the roughly jointed flag pavement, whose cracks invite the intrusion of small plants.

The archway at the east end of the terrace leads, still on the continuing pavement, through a little square (where flowers flourish in beds) into a pergola which surrounds an oblong pool of water with a sculptured fountain in the midst. The wooden beams, over which roses and wisterias are hastening to ramble, are carried by square piers built of the same stone as the house and garden walls. Through another archway you pass into a walled croquet garden, open upon the view-side, like every part that faces south, but enclosed on east, north, and west. A wide belt of ground is raised

along the north side, where you may sit among flowers and look down on the players and away over their heads to Severn and Mendips. While advancing in this direction you have unconsciously passed the lower eastward extension of the house, which contains the offices and service rooms. The windows of these look out upon an enclosed garden of their own, rectangularly divided by paths, between which the rest is thickly planted with



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IN THE PAVED GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

blossoming things, where flowers can be cut for the house. Thus there are no untidy back regions anywhere, and Mr. Tipping claims that none such should ever be permitted in the neighbourhood of any residence. I have forgotten to mention the garden house overlooking the croquet lawn, which, facing east, provides a shady sitting-room below and sleeping-out loggia above. Round the western side of the house the

formal garden extends along the low front of the gallery, whose windows command a view of the limestone gorge of the Mounton brook. Before leaving the garden altogether a word must be said about the sculptured garden ornaments. It is easy to be seduced into setting up too many of them, but that error has been avoided. A fine pair of stone vases have been brought from another property till recently belonging to the owner—Brasted Place, Kent. They are known to have been set up by Sir John Heath, who died in 1701. Special mention may also be made of a bronze replica of the well known Diana, one of the series of replicas from the antique made in the eighteenth century for the owner of Trentham.

Entering the house, the ground floor naturally divides itself into three main parts, each dominated by a principal room, to wit, the dining-room, the great parlour and the gallery. The first two face south, and their fronts are



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FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

respectively the two long flat walls included between the three gabled projections we observed when looking at the façade from the garden. With the dining-room is associated a loggia, leading out of it, which can be thrown open to sun and air or closed by large sliding glass doors. The service rooms are in convenient proximity to this corner, but so shut off from the rest of the house that their existence would hardly be suspected.

The dining-room is planned and decorated in the style of the late eighteenth century, because many of its chief features—doors, mantelpiece, sideboards and chairs—were heirlooms or, at any rate, possessions of the owner. Moreover, the style, as everyone admits, is particularly suited to a dining-room, as napery, silver, glass and china look well in such surroundings. The floor in this case is of marble, carpeted in winter. Two round-headed china cupboards are contrived in the long wall facing the three windows. The mantelpiece came from the house at Brasted which was built by R. Adam for Dr. Turton in 1784. Three large landscapes and two portraits are also worked into the plaster work decoration, which around cornice and ceiling is of delicate design and finished execution.

The dining-room is separated from the great parlour by a ladies' sitting-room, which occupies the central projection on the south front, and is flooded with light by three



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STAIRWAY ON SOUTH TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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large windows commanding views to east, south and west. It is a relatively small room, whose principal fixed feature is a beautiful fireplace, framed in handsome slabs of marble and surmounted by a carved mantelpiece of about 1720. The remainder of the decoration corresponds to that date in style. The furniture is English satinwood or French Louis XVI, all genuine. The china and other ornaments are all suitable to these surroundings. A

door leads from this room into the great parlour, which, of course, can likewise be entered from the central hall. It is, to my thinking, the most attractive of all the nice rooms in the house, a thoroughly livable place, where you can read or talk round the ample tea table before the large log fire, or take your ease according to your mood. The length of it is the same as the dining-room (about 38ft.), but it is some 7ft. wider than that, so that it is a very spacious chamber. The walls are panelled in oak after the Jacobean manner; and, in fact, the decoration and furnishing of the room are in the style of the first third of the seventeenth century, though only in one case has any direct copying been permitted. This exception is the moulded plaster ceiling, which reproduces the pattern of one in the council chamber of the office of the



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LONG GALLERY, LOOKING NORTH-EAST. "COUNTRY LIFE."

Duchy of Cornwall, built during the time when James's eldest son, Henry, was Prince of Wales. The two chief fixed decorative features besides are the two doors at one end of the room and the setting of the fireplace at the other. They display classical features, boldly worked out in the style of the English Renaissance, and carried in both cases the full height of the wall from floor to ceiling. The furniture is all old and enviable. Though approximately of one

period it is not all English, but includes contemporary examples from other countries, especially from Flanders. Three dignified carved cabinets of the court cupboard type on one long side face the three large windows on the other, and carry an agreeable medley of pots and *dinanderie*, while other small cabinets, tables, and chests fill positions for which each is well suited. There is a long "refectory" table in the midst and a corresponding bench beside it, and there are plenty of comfortable chairs when one wants to sit, and others of massive dignity in places where they are more likely to be looked at than often used. The lighting here, as elsewhere throughout the house, is by electricity, and the central lamps in this room are hung, in two circles each of eight lights, from a wooden ring or crown, each globe being partially



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THE OAK PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

smothered in a tassel of coloured and knotted silks, like the Jacobean tassels to be seen, for instance, on furniture at Knole. It is easy to guess that this clever invention is likely to be widely imitated, for it is remarkable how good a light globes thus shielded shed over a room.

The great parlour does not pretend to be a library, and only those books are kept in it which happen to lie about or are temporarily housed in cupboards. The real store of books is in the neighbouring room on the west, behind the

to the western garden from this part of the house. How long galleries ever went out of fashion it is hard to imagine. People in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries could not have too many of them or make them too long (that at Audley End measured 226ft.); but they made no more in the eighteenth century, preferring large chambers to be high and wide; while the nineteenth century had forgotten about them. It is only in recent years that their charm has been realised anew. Sir Henry Wootton refers to them as



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IN A BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fireplace—there and in another room close by, called the workroom by its industrious proprietor. Here are plenty of ample folios and quartos—books full of delightful illustrations, displaying all the kingdoms of art and the glory of them, but over these we cannot linger. It goes without saying that they are properly shelved, while in each room the fireplace is a decorative feature.

To reach the gallery from the great parlour you must pass through the workroom and the porch, which gives access

places "appointed for gentle motion," agreeable to peripatetic conversationalists. The inscription on the chimney-piece of the gallery at Apethorpe shows that it was to be used as a music-room. Everywhere they were found pleasant for dancing, and I suspect that the great bay often built beside them was to hold the musicians out of the way of the dancers. In most old houses the long gallery is an integral part of the main building. Mr. Tipping has made his an independent single storey wing, jutting out to the north

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from the north-east corner of his principal block and only joined to it by a porch. Thus, if in days to come great revelry goes on there it will not disturb either the studious in the library or the weary in the bedrooms. The style of decoration for the room was not decided by tradition, but adapted to the collection of furniture it was to contain, which was brought together in France some half century ago, and certainly would not have looked well in Jacobean surroundings. The largest pieces are three great eighteenth century Normandy armoires. The finest stands in the middle of one end between two doors; far away, opposite to it, is an organ in a case designed in imitation of it. Tables, chairs and other pieces of furniture are spaciously arranged in harmonious sequence.

With the upstairs rooms we must deal much more briefly. It will be obvious that there is space for plenty of bedrooms, all lofty (owing to the high roof) sunny, and commanding the entrancing view which, from this higher standpoint, embraces a larger garden foreground than is seen from the windows

of the floor below. The owner's bedroom is a very original and attractive chamber, occupying the southwest corner of the house. It is a bedroom counterpart in style to the great parlour below. Internal arrangements overhead of attics, boxrooms, and the like, involved a different ceiling level for the front and back parts of the area this bedroom was to fill. Advantage was taken of this opportunity to divide the room into two parts, separated by an open balustraded screen. The lower part, with a flat ceiling, is the entrance lobby; the higher south part, with a wagon ceiling of Jacobean type, is the bedroom proper. Here the plasterwork has been copied from the gallery ceiling at

Chastleton, Oxon. The furniture, which includes a solid oak four-post bedstead and various chests, settees, chairs and cabinets of the same wood, is of the same period and character as in the great parlour. Here the owner and creator of all these spacious and dignified surroundings of house and garden can, if he looks out of his windows, which open on all quarters of the compass except the north, survey



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.



much of his work. To the left his eyes can enfilade the south front of the house and the terrace below it; in front the garden drops away toward his favourite valley, while to the right he can look down into the upper part of the same valley and over the tops of trees to the rising land that leads up toward the hill country of South Wales. If on a fine summer's morning, when all Nature is smiling on the works of his hands, he is tempted to feel some pride in what he has accomplished, there will be few to declare that the feeling is not justified. MARTIN CONWAY.

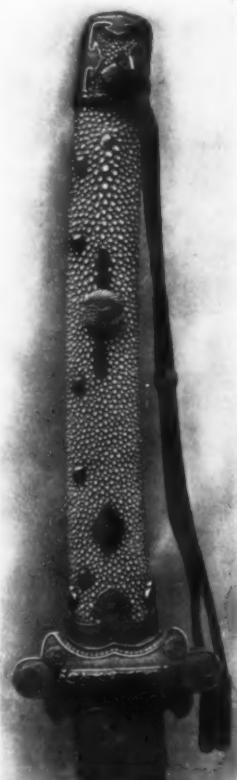
THE JAPANESE SWORD PRESENTED TO KING ALBERT.

THE announcement, made some weeks ago, that a sword of honour was about to be offered to King Albert, heroic leader of a heroic people, by the proprietor of an influential *Tōkiō* newspaper, must have sent a thrill of pleasurable anticipation and curiosity through all who have fallen under the spell of the arts and crafts of Old Japan. The proposed gift, it was felt, would prove to be worthy no less of the monarch whose unassuming valour has gained him the heartfelt admiration of the whole civilised world than of the gallant and chivalrous island race whose prowess in the arts of peace and war alike is universally recognised. Those who know anything of what to the *samurai* of yore was ever the most treasured of his possessions, and by his successor of to-day is held in almost equal esteem as well for its historic associations as for its technical and artistic qualities, could not doubt but that the weapon about to be offered would be no gaudy modern toy, but a fine example from the forge of some celebrated swordsmith of mediæval Japan. The mounting of this blade would assuredly be marked by that rich yet quiet and dignified splendour which characterises the best work of the Japanese maker of sword-furniture.

That these anticipations have been realised to the full will be evident from the accompanying illustrations and description of this historic weapon, the presentation of which took place a few days ago in an unnamed town in that part of Belgium as yet unsullied by the invader's tread. The donor, Mr. Riūhei Murayama, President of the *Asahi Shimbun* (*Morning News*), was for the occasion represented by Mr. Sugimura, special correspondent of the journal. The case made to contain the gift is inscribed: "A humble testimony to the profound reverence and pious feelings with which the Japanese have been inspired by Your Majesty's untiring perseverance and by the unexampled patriotism of the Belgian people, recently manifested in defence of humanity and civilisation under the direst calamity that may befall a nation."

The blade, we learn from the speech with which Mr. Sugimura accompanied the gift, is the work of Nakagawa Shichiroemon-no-jō Yukikane, a member of the justly celebrated school of swordsmiths working at Osafune in the province of Bizen. It dates from the year 1577, and thus belongs to a period when Japan was being torn from end to end by civil strife and swordsmiths had every incentive to put their best talents and energies into their work. The backward curve of the hilt, continuing that of the blade, as well as the evident slenderness of the latter, are characteristic of the *tachi*, the type of sword worn with armour or with Court costume and slung from the girdle by a pair of cords, thongs or chains in a horizontal position with the edge downwards. Straight tangs and stouter blades are for the pair of swords, long and short, worn with civilian dress and thrust edge upwards into the girdle itself. The mounting, which includes a number of finely wrought gold fittings, is that of a *yeshi no tachi*, or sword of a nobleman of the Imperial Guard of former days, and is peculiarly appropriate in a gift to a Royal personage. The guard is of the shape known as *shilogi*, having a double floriated profile with two lateral loops of ogival form, instead of the better known, thin, medallion-like type of *tsuba* which graces the less aristocratic varieties of weapon. The hilt, again, has its wooden core covered with fine white ray-skin (*same*)—an almost universal feature with Japanese swords—but lacks the usual supplementary wrapping of fine silk braid which helps to strengthen it and

to improve the grip. Instead, we have the peculiar row of five gold *tawarabiō*, "rice bale nails," on each side, so called from their shape. The girdle, here for the nonce neatly tied about the scabbard, is of richly embroidered white and purple silk, with broad ends and long fringe. In the ordinary *tachi* this would be narrower and either of plain silk braid or of soft deer-skin. The usual lacquered wood scabbard is here enriched in gold with the badge of a former owner—unfortunately, not to be identified without further evidence, as this particular cognisance was common to several noble families during the past two or three centuries. It is repeated a number of times on most of the gold mounts that serve to



ENLARGEMENT OF THE HILT AND GUARD.



JAPANESE COURT SWORD PRESENTED TO KING ALBERT.

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strengthen or decorate the sword at various points. The *ensemble* is an admirable testimony to the minute and conscientious workmanship displayed by the Japanese craftsman at his best, no less than to the artistic taste brought to bear upon the mounting of a weapon claimed by many to have no equal among its kind. Those who have never seen a really fine Japanese blade—preserved in the pink of condition and polish, as such a weapon always was by the generations of warriors among whom it was handed down, and should be to-day by those into whose lucky hands it has fallen—can hardly realise the blend of aesthetic pleasure and respectful awe induced by the sight of such a superb work of man's hand. The faultless texture of the gleaming

steel, of ice-like purity and razor-keen; the subtle curves which bound its planes, in perfect correlation and undeflected throughout their length; the skilful polish, mirroring the features in every part without distortion—such are but the elemental qualities for which the expert looks when judging a fine blade. To extend the catalogue, to reveal a tithe of the varying criteria which characterise the work of this or that smith, would absorb our space ten times over. Enough to say that the combination, in one slender bar of steel, of absolute perfection as a work of art with supreme efficiency as a cutting weapon, points to the rare degree of technical skill, matched elsewhere, perhaps, but never surpassed, of the humble swordsmith of Old Japan. A. J. K.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Lonely Nietzsche, by Frau Förster Nietzsche. Translated by Paul V. Cohn. (Hemmann.)

To read this biography by Nietzsche's sister is like entering into his household and living in the atmosphere he created. She does her Boswellising well and has many of "Boozzy's" characteristics. For the very serious reader intent on finding new light on the genesis of the creed of the great anti-moralist there, perhaps, may be in those pages too much record of petty quarrels and jealousies and heartburnings, but these impart a humanity welcome to the general reader. The picture of Nietzsche himself is touched in with endless detail. He enters the scene in middle age, a most typical German professor. A studious, but dry-looking face, a curiously shaped high forehead, a huge moustache that Sir F. Carruthers Gould would have revelled in, a figure thin and straight, the air of one who places a high value on his aristocratic blood and tastes, form an appearance that paves the way for the discovery of a fastidious, self-engrossed personality. Short-sightedness, other eye troubles and consequent headache do not ameliorate a natural impetuosity and irritability. He was the lonely Nietzsche because he quarrelled with all his friends, including the sister who indites these annals. Yet a closer acquaintance shows him to be by no means sour or wholly unlikeable. The grave philosopher could relax and be merry. One would have liked to hear him rattling off nonsense verses with equal volubility and wit, and although in our opinion there is too much in the book about the emancipated girl and quondam disciple who afterwards became Frau Andreas Salomé, it would have been interesting to see her in a wheelbarrow dragged by two learned professors! The biographer ought to have reproduced the photograph showing Nietzsche and Réé yoked to the homely chariot of the minx. In connection with Fräulein Salomé there is a passage which, as a bare recital of fact, outdoes the irony of her who wrote "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Fräulein Salomé had been brought to Nietzsche as a young woman of intellect anxious to be his disciple. Before they quarrelled he and Dr. Réé had become fond of her, and it was suggested that to regulate her position one of them should marry her. The sister, with "German" tact, introduced the matter to the girl:

I received an apparently inoffensive letter from Dr. Réé (Fräulein Salomé was meant to read it), begging me to shorten our stay at Tautenburg and thus give Lou an opportunity for getting away. Réé added that Lou's talents had not come up to Nietzsche's expectations—which was entirely untrue; and mentioned a little joke to the effect that neither he nor Nietzsche had thought of a marriage with Fräulein Salomé—which was in direct contrast to his own and my brother's statement that the project had been fully discussed. Fräulein Salomé failed to see the joke. When she read the letter she was furious, and abused not only Dr. Réé but, above all, my absent brother. In her anger she revealed the ugly side of her nature: for instance, her petty annoyance at the refusal of Réé and Nietzsche to marry her, a refusal which she attributed to the lowest motives. She, for her part, had no wish to marry either; she declared, with cynical frankness, that she looked forward to a far more brilliant match. But, of course, she wanted the refusal to come from her side and not from theirs. Her manner of expressing herself was simply revolting. I had never heard such language or opinions from any woman of my class.

One or two phrases in this passage must surely delight the Countess von Arnheim. She could not have invented anything better than the girl's "petty annoyance at the refusal of Réé and Nietzsche to marry her," or the astonishing discovery that the maid "wanted the refusal to come from herself"! The final allusion to "any woman of my class"

is delicious. Of the other quarrels described in the book the most interesting is that with Richard Wagner. It began at the performance of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" in 1876. Nietzsche took a violent distaste to the opera, and later, at what proved to be their last meeting, Wagner, who had avowed himself before that "a downright atheist," began "to confess to my brother various Christian emotions and experiences such as repentance and atonement." Whether this indicated a real change or was only what Nietzsche called it, "a histrionic self-deception," it proved to be the point on which their sympathies and friendship were cleft in twain.

Nietzsche's philosophy has received its loudest advertisement in this country through its adoption by von Bernhardi. But that rough soldier is not well equipped to interpret it. Without concerning himself about fine shades of meaning, qualifications or limitations, he has merely seized upon those points which fortify the one principle on which Germans are waging war, "Might is right." The attempt to impose German culture on the rest of the world is not derived from the philosopher who says:

French culture is the only culture I believe in, and I regard all that goes under that name elsewhere in Europe—to say nothing of German culture—as a mere misconception. . . . The few instances of real culture that I have come upon in Germany have all been of French origin.

Nietzsche was proud of being an aristocrat, and expressly limits his teaching to the few; as for the democracy, "the spirit of the herd must prevail among the herd." In this phrase Bernhardi and the Kaiser find a doctrine to suit them. Christianity sets an equal value upon the life of the peasant and the peer, and hence the military leaders of civilised countries are bound never to expose the ranks to needless danger. But we have to go back to paganism for such callous indifference to slaughter of "the herd" as the German leaders have exhibited. Attacks of a most hopeless description have again and again been made under circumstances which involved the slaughter of hundreds and even thousands. The private soldier has been treated, in the significant German phrase, as merely "cannon fodder." Nietzsche, who considered himself "a good European," never contemplated this result of his policy. Yet the source of his will-to-power doctrine is to be found in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, where, in the words of his biographer, as ambulance worker, he saw various regiments of our wonderful German army rush past him; ready to face battle and death, glorious in their pride of life, their courage for the conflict, a perfect expression of a race that must conquer or perish. Then, for the first time, he felt most vividly that the strongest and highest will to life is manifested, not in the paltry struggle for existence, but in the will to combat, in the will to power and mastery. Many were those who went through the same experiences, but they did not see things with the philosopher's eyes.

From this it is easy to trace the evolution of his philosophy. He saw that Christianity with its gentle and merciful spirit tended to keep alive the feeble and ailing, and hence argued it to be weakening and effeminating. To follow his reasoning, values must be changed, the Christian virtues giving place to the pagan. At any other time it would have been interesting to analyse more closely those adumbrations of a new ideal, of a changed valuation of morals, of the dream that a wisely directed race would proceed to breed the superman—a creature as much in advance of the man of to-day as the latter is of the primitive savage. Had these theories existed only as theories, they might have provided material for pleasant argument. Unfortunately, they

have not been left as the speculations of a professor, but have been applied with literal brutality by the German nation. They chimed in too well with the boastful arrogance developed after Sedan. It has been said that Nietzsche was the most un-German of Germans, but he exemplifies in an extraordinary degree the characteristics of his countrymen.

This book will repay the most careful study. It is a chapter in that revolt against Christian teaching which spread over the Continent and even made its echoes heard on this island in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. It throws a new and brilliant light upon "Thus spake Zarathustra," but we must reserve comment on that for a future occasion.

Hero-Tales and Legends of the Serbians, by Woyislav M. Petrovitch.
(George G. Harrap and Co.)

IT was originally said of the Cambridge History of Literature that to read it was like trying to smell flowers through a blanket, and the simile holds true, in a modified degree, of trying to read Serbian heroic poetry in an English prose translation. For example, the reader comes across fine sentences like: "Doubtless thy mother wrapped thee in pure silk, and fastened the silk with golden thread, and gave thee honey and sugar; my mother was a poor, wild Albanian, and I was born on the cold rocks near the sheep she was tending, and she wrapped me in a rough, black cloth, tying it on to me with bramble twigs." Or this, again: "But Marko pitilessly hurled his far-reaching club and struck her between her white shoulders, and she fell instantly to the earth." In these instances, or even in proverbial sayings such as "We women have long hair and short brains," he cannot but hunger for a rhythm to give to the words the fire which he realises they originally possessed. In this nobody would agree with him more than the translator, who, although he wisely knows and says that a good prose translation is much better than a bad verse one, evidently passionately longs to be a great poet in order to do his material full justice. Indeed, his admiration and respect for his national epics makes the reader respect and admire Mr. Petrovitch himself. There is no conscious archaism about him, and, indeed, the exciting thing about the Serbian legends is that they are not merely precious relics for the cultured, they are as much alive as in the fourteenth century. Old blind wandering minstrels recite them in the villages, and the peasants themselves recite them to each other. Everyone knows of the great deeds of the national hero, the tragic prince, Kraljevitch Marko, and of how, when he knew that the day of his death had come, he killed his beloved horse Sharatz, burying him "with more honour than he had buried Andreas his own brother," so that he should never be mounted by a Turk, "and never a Turkish burden should fall on h's proud shoulders." And it is wonderful to read in a note of the translator's how, in May, 1913, when the Serbians were to attack the Turks in the Castle of Prilip (which was the ancient castle of Marko), they disobeyed all orders, refusing to wait for the effect of their artillery, stormed it triumphantly. What happened afterwards their leader, the aged General Mishitch, tells in his own words, when "I praised my heroes for their brave conduct, but reproached them bitterly for their disobedience, . . . I heard from thousands of soldiers in majestic unison, 'Kraljevitch Marko commanded us all the time: Forward! Did you not see him on his Sharatz?' Probably such defects as there are in Mr. Petrovitch's translation arise because he is not, like a native, entirely acquainted with the intimate quality of English words; he does not know what words will mix together like brothers and which will remain obdurate. It is amusing, considered in connection with the fact that Mr. Petrovitch is a diplomatist, to find a wicked Moor sending "a most emphatic letter" to the Sultan of Stamboul, while in a fairy story it "transpires" that a young man has built a castle of elephants' tusks in one night. But these are small matters, and, to return to our original simile, Mr. Petrovitch does succeed in making us smell through the blanket of translation something of the wild and stirring scent of his flowers of Serbian poetry.

Columbine, by Viola Meynell. (Martin Secker.)

WHATEVER may be thought of the merits of Miss Meynell's book as a whole—and there is abundant scope for difference of opinion—there is a great deal to be thankful for in the character of Lily Peak. Her other name is Lily Lestrange, and the hero first sees her, as he stands in the wings at the theatre, dancing on to the stage. She is garrulous and vulgar, and charming to look at: she has—we feel sure, though we are not expressly told so—just a small and ineradicable touch of a Cockney accent: she is a compound of knowlessness and simplicity. She has a prodigious fund of platitudes and a most genuine and pretty tenderness for little children. She is at once very aggravating and entirely engaging, and she makes the whole of Miss Meynell's world go round through the first part of the book. We do not realise all she has meant to us till we lose her for a while, and then, suddenly, the book is in dire peril of falling to pieces. Miss Meynell seems to have set out with the large ambition of making minute and intimate studies of three women and one man, but only that of Lily is really successful. Dixon Parish, the hero, and his sister Alison, with all their unruly emotions, their shilly-shallyings and instabilities, vague sufferings and unsatisfied longings, do not justify the care spent upon them, and are quite lacking in the solidity of flesh and blood. As soon as Lily goes off the stage the book seems to be an incoherent tangle of passions and nerves and yearnings. It is the modern fashion to say of certain writers that they "count." Miss Meynell is certainly one of these. She is keenly interested and interesting; she often says things that hit us straight between the eyes by the startling quality of their insight; but she seems to us to have tried to say more than she can express. Finally, we presume it is only proper Christian meekness to put up with the odious "very pleased," now so constantly written; but against "very engrossed," "very absorbed" and "very gratified" we may surely continue to kick most vigorously. Still, we are very grateful for Lily.

Dictionary of Madame de Sévigné, by Edward Fitzgerald, annotated by Mary E. Fitzgerald Kerrich. Two vols. (Macmillan.)

THE nimble genius of Mme. de Sévigné could surely have won no greater monument than this commentary—it is more commentary than dictionary—by Edward Fitzgerald. Such labours commonly fall to the duller spirits, who lumber after their heroines with infinite diligence and, maybe, understanding, but lack the grace which reveals. Fitzgerald brought to his self-imposed task not only love and labour, but a genius of the same order. We turn the pages and read his luminous fragments and pungent notes with only one disappointment, but it is profound. Why did Fate sunder these two by about two centuries? Who could have corresponded with Mme. de Sévigné like Fitzgerald, himself a prince of letter-writers? How his devotion to her shrewd, blithe nature would have enchanted her! He never finished the dictionary. It was left at his death as a confused and undigested mass of notes. We owe it first to Dr. Aldis Wright, his literary executor, and secondly to Fitzgerald's great-niece, Miss Kerrich, that order has been brought out of chaos and that a very notable book has been given to the world. It is essentially for the lovers of Mme. de Sévigné who know the letters well, but if one had never read a line, it would be a signpost to them and a passport to the world of Louis XIV.

A Mixed Pack, by Dorothea Conyers. (Methuen.)

"AN' ye wint very quiet like now to the Rath among the hills, whin the thorns blow white in May and the late primroses are yellow stars, ye might see the fairies sittin' round in the ring and little Throosh tellin' the story of how he beshted the king of the Loch." The next best thing would be to see how Miss Conyers tells it, for the story of Throosh is the ace of trumps in a pack which holds more than its right share of them. It is the spirit of brown lake-water and primrose-spangled shores put into language that those who know Ireland in her tenderest, shyest springtime will love. The keynote of the book, however, is rather to be found in the first two sketches—one of a red-haired little Irish priest who hunted to ride, and to ride hell-for-leather; the other of one of those uninviting hunting mornings when anyone who has survived his first enthusiasm feels inclined to put fate to the toss of a coin, hoping that the results will justify his staying in bed; a day when a small field has room to move and that only ends at dark with the glad conviction that it was worth it after all. Hunting and horse-dealing fill a good portion of the volume, but "Mrs. O'Deas' Lodger," concerned with nothing more exalted than the fortunes of a Dublin pedlar, is one of the best things in the book. Hitherto we have associated Miss Conyers wholly with Ireland, but now she shows a justifiable versatility in half a dozen episodes in the career of Mosenthal and Co., diamond merchants.

Spray on the Windows, by J. E. Buckrose. (Mills and Boon.)

MR. BUCKROSE'S last novel is hardly likely to add to the reputation that "Down Our Street" gained for him. It is in truth rather a spasmodic and incoherent story. In the intervals of a love affair between two not very thrilling people we have a series of excursions and alarms—some of them leading to something, it is true, but too many of them leading to nothing and having the appearance of being dragged in by the heels. There is a house with a family curse, and a pierrot's tent burnt down, and a mystical old lady who believes in horoscopes; but these incidents are too palpably superimposed on the picture of the quiet, dingy little watering-place on the Yorkshire coast. They do not really belong to it, and humdrum Wodenscar and Sea View Terrace would have done better without them. For it is in the small vagaries and humours of the terrace, its lodgings and its lodging-house keepers, their cats and their gossip, that the author is really at home. He plots with difficulty and rather too melodramatically, but put him down in Mrs. Walker's front sitting-room, looking at the people as they come out of church or discussing the little meannesses of the summer visitors, their bills and their legs of mutton, and he is very good company. That, we venture to assert, is the pleasant wing on which he should fly, instead of soaring, with the pride and pinion of the Theban eagle, to captains and curses and county families.

Shifting Sands, by Alice Birkhead. (The Bodley Head.)

THOUGH it is difficult to follow the course of emotional reasoning which led Gabrielle Braudon to encourage Gilbert Dereham to marry her sister Honor, that action once accomplished, the development of Gabrielle's character is extremely interesting. The author would seem to have grasped, through a certain sympathetic intuition, the inevitable isolation of ignorant, passionate youth before the unguessed at common factors of life. It is an entirely simple tale, amateurish occasionally, yet with engaging qualities.

Photograms of the Year 1914, edited by F. J. Mortimer, F.R.P.S.
(Hazel, Watson and Viney.)

TO produce a book of pictures of the character of "photograms" at the present juncture was a brave venture, but Mr. Mortimer has had the courage of his opinions—backed by the extraordinary success of the two previous volumes—and the results fully justify his efforts. When we consider that practically no Continental contributions can have been sent in during the last six months, the variety of the collection is little short of marvellous, and the quality throughout shows that photographic work is now fully receiving the serious consideration it merits. It is a real relief to find a collection of some two hundred pictures containing practically no reference to the war, though what next year's *Photograms* may contain in this way it is not difficult to foresee. In a necessarily brief note it is impossible to judge the various studies on their merits, but a few stand out so conspicuously as to demand mention even here—the exquisite little Belgian pastoral "Grands Peupliers" of Leonid Misonne, for example; "Design in Nature," by Edward R. Dickson (New Jersey, U.S.A.); and the striking "Storm Clouds," by J. M. Whitehead. The portrait work as a whole shows a marked freedom from the tendency to pose which has been too obvious in much exhibition work of past years, and Marcus Adams has achieved a brilliant success in this direction. The letterpress contains excellent articles on the progress of photography in various parts of the world, and the volume as a whole may be regarded as a valuable addition to the illustrated literature of the subject.

THE HALF-BRED SIRE.

[A selection of the letters received on this subject is printed below. Others will be published next week.—ED.]

SIR,—I have read what Mr. Hope-Brooke has to say on the above subject, and while fully agreeing with him that the foundation of a half-bred should be blood on the side of the dam rather than of the sire, I would not on any account use a coarse stallion more than once for making the breed, and then only for the purpose of producing brood mares to be mated with thoroughbred horses. A great deal of nonsense is talked about the thoroughbred horse, as if he were bound to sire light stock, whereas most of us have seen thoroughbreds up to 16st.—Minting, for example—and it would not be difficult to breed blood weight-carriers if a man devoted time and money to that end. It is quite certain, anyway, that no better method has ever yet been discovered for improving the breed of light horses than by using thoroughbred stallions who have passed the racecourse test. This test is really the *sine qua non* as proof of constitution, soundness and stamina; and it would be a hopelessly reactionary move to use half-bred stallions to whom the racecourse test had never been applied. It is quite true, however, that comparatively worthless thoroughbred mares might to a Cleveland Bay stallion, or even a Clydesdale, breed a filly that would make a good brood mare for future mating with thoroughbred horses. The late Duke of Beaufort wrote me on May 4th, 1884: "To breed a racehorse or fast hunter, one thing I believe I have arrived at, which is that you must have speed on the side of the dam." And again he went on, "I am quite certain that I have learnt by experience that to breed a good racehorse or a good hunter you must have a speedy mare and a stout, staying horse. I know a hunter by a thoroughbred out of a slow underbred mare never can gallop, and that one by a cart-horse out of a speedy, well bred mare can." These are the words of one of the most practical horsemen we have known, and they tend simply to show that for making half-breds the first cross should have the blood on the dam's side, not that we should go further and try to fix a type from which half-bred stallions might be used. European nations have again and again tried that game. Russia was at it nearly 150 years ago, but all have come back to the necessity of the thoroughbred stallion and the racecourse test, which tries him like gold in the fire. It would be madness in these days when the judges for King's Premiums take racing records into consideration, to revert to visionary schemes of long ago and drop the advantages which racing for these many, many years has given us. No, let us avoid half-bred sires like a pestilence, unless, indeed, they are themselves racehorses of merit, such as Shogun, who is only nominally half-bred. A difficulty in rearing a half-bred stock from a blood tap-root has been pointed out by Mr. J. B. Robertson, M.R.C.V.S., and it is that blood mares are not such sure breeders as half-breds, and cannot be trusted to rear their foals under conditions which would suffice for common bred ones. This is true, and in all probability horse breeding in England will continue on the old lines—if at all—viz., by mating such mares as we possess or can acquire with the best available thoroughbred stallions.—W. ALLISON.

SIR,—The reason that thoroughbreds throw small stock is that small weedy stallions are allowed to travel the country. None but big stallions—coming from big families—should be allowed to serve. Many King's Premium horses are too small and "peacocky." One wants thoroughbred stallions which are on the large side. I hate cart blood, as it carries with it all its defects—soft bone, sidebones, ringbone, splints, etc. Cart blood may blunder through a run of two hours' slow hunting, but if tried in a thirty or thirty-five minutes' sharp run without check it is useless. I think a great deal of the smallness of our horses is due to neglect when young. I quite agree, one ought to establish a breed of hunters from which we can get our stallions in the same way that we have Shires, Suffolks, etc.; but how is it to be done? If you begin with cart blood, the fourth cross only contains about one-thirty-second; that is, using the thoroughbred for all crosses after the cart. The great crab to cart blood is its want of endurance as compared to the well bred horse. I knew a Suffolk mare in this country which carried a heavy man to hounds. She was put to thoroughbred horses; all her stock were big 16h. in. horses, and made large prices as one, two, three and four year olds; but in the hunting field they were all flatcatchers. We also had a three year old stallion in this country by Master Ned out of a cart-mare. He got some good looking stock, but they were all soft, so he was castrated and made into a very bad hunter. The only way in which I can suggest that a breed of hunters should be created is that Government should start a stud formed with thirty or forty of the very best bred large hunter mares that can be got in the country; mares up to 15st. Three or four of the biggest thoroughbred stallions coming of a big family should be kept to mate with them. The produce should be interbred, crossing the produce of one stallion with that of the other, but only breeding from the stock which is large and comes to type. It will take a long time to establish a breed, but I am sure it can be done, in the same way that new breeds of poultry are started, established and come absolutely to type. To form a breed of horses is too expensive a business for any individual, but as it is a national matter the Government should undertake it. It would require great judgment in buying mares and stallions to start with, and then considerable discretion must be used in mating the produce. At present the great difficulty in breeding horses of the hunter type is that, as a rule, we know nothing of the mare's breeding. I once had a beautiful 16h. in. hunter, of whom people used to say, "What a pity he was not kept as a hunter sire." My answer was, "You don't know his breeding; he is a fluke, by a thoroughbred horse out of an Exmoor pony." By breeding horses for, say, four generations from big stock, we shall find which strains throw big. These strains should be persevered with till the breed is established, but it will be a costly business. In the case of colts the misfits would be castrated to prevent their use as stallions, and they and the mares of the smaller strains

sold and not bred from. A great factor in getting size is to have a good stream of water running through the pastures. I used to buy big blood stallions from a Scotsman near Aberdeen. I asked him how he managed to get such size; his answer was, "Never give them an oat; put them in a good pasture with a good running stream." I am all against breeding from an Arab or Persian. We have all these years been developing our thoroughbred from the Arab, etc., so why go back a hundred years. The present hunter sire is a fluke horse. A mare throws three or four colts, but only one may be big and good enough for a hunter sire. What we want is to establish a breed which can be relied upon to reproduce itself. I am sure it is feasible, but requires time, expense, care, determination and a large area of pasture land. I would not knowingly allow any cart, hackney or Cleveland Bay blood in the mares selected for the foundation of the breed, but try if possible to buy big mares from breeders who could give the pedigree for at least two or three generations. I would buy young mares, as my experience inclines me to think that young fresh mares produce the larger stock. In forming this breed, the temptation of breeding from any one of the stock not up to standard must be absolutely prohibited; better to breed from the few up to type. If the supply is not created fast enough, the stud must be formed on a larger scale. I am quite certain the Government ought to make some effort to establish such a breed. All half-bred horse breeding as now conducted is too much "chance work," and consequently unprofitable. The management of the pastures would require great judgment. Horses should only run on the pasture one year in three. In the other two years they should be fed with cattle and sheep, and only mowed one year in the three. Stable manure should not be put on to the pastures, but either exchanged for cow or pig manures or else put on the arable. It is a large scheme, and wants to be put under the management of a man with wide and unprejudiced experience and a good staff under him.—G. PHIPPS HORNBYS (Captain).

SIR,—I agree with a good deal that Mr. Hope-Brooke says in his letter as regards breeding from weedy light mares—that the only way to produce anything from these is by using an active light cart-horse stallion with as little hair on his legs as possible; but there is a great difficulty in coming across a suitable horse. I have had several hunters that have had cart-horse blood in them; one I showed some years ago in Norfolk, where he got first prize, and was a very good hunter and stayer, and have had several others, probably a good many more than I know. I have a horse now that is a perfect hunter, and I feel sure he has cart-horse blood in him, though I do not know how he is bred. My experience of using Arab stallions has been that, whatever mares they are put to, they breed an animal bigger than the mares themselves; but I have never cared much for the first cross.—HUMPHREY F. DE TRAFFORD.

SIR,—I have read with great interest Mr. Hope-Brooke's letter. The question, to my mind, is, What is the best type of horse that farmers should be encouraged to breed? I think it will be conceded that what is best for one job is not best for another; then the doctrine of the greatest good for the greatest number comes in. If the aim of the Government is to get people to breed horses that can win a three miles point-to-point race, then I entirely disagree with Mr. Hope-Brooke's methods. If the object is to get a better stamp of general utility horse throughout the country (and I venture to think that they have no right to spend public money on any other kind), then I think he is on the right tack. It is no use trying to persuade the average farmer that he should, or could, breed a hunter which he can reasonably expect to sell at a long price as a four year old. We all know that it is the man who is able to pick up the promising four year old, and make him properly, who gets the plum from the pudding. Far be it from me to say that this man does not earn every penny he gets. Very few farmers could ever do it; they have neither time, knowledge nor opportunity. Assume, if you like, that a horse bred on the lines suggested by Mr. Hope-Brooke is pretty sure to have a soft spot in him, one which can, perhaps, only be found out in the last half mile of a race, or in an exceptional burst with hounds. That is not to say he may not be a very valuable horse, worth, perhaps, three times as much money as the one who defeated him and, moreover, a very much better seller. There is never any difficulty about selling a powerful, good looking horse. If he is found on trial not to be good enough for a first class hunting country, there are still many minor fields of enterprise open to him for which he can command a good price. If not a real flyer, the 12st. weed which floods the country, and I am sorry to see many more coming from Canada, is most unsaleable. I am persuaded that, in our efforts at horse breeding, we in this country have gone to extremes at both ends. In the hunter type too much has been sacrificed to speed; in the Shire, too much to mere weight. Speed is only one qualification in a hunter and, to my mind, by no means the most important. I have always said that walking and standing still were two of the most important in a really valuable hunter. I have hunted in a good many different parts of the country, but never in what is known as the Shires. I do not pretend, therefore, to know what is really required to carry a man to the front there, though I have a shrewd suspicion that the human element has as much to do with it there as elsewhere. I have during my life owned, and known many more, very good hunters which were bred from light, high-couraged cart-mares; not Shires mind, but the sort one sometimes sees on the Welsh hill farms. I have never been able to find out how exactly they are bred, though I have an idea that there was pony blood in them. I have such a mare now, about 15h. in., on short legs, a bright bay, with black points and a black stripe down her back. I have one foal from her and she is in foal again to a thoroughbred horse. I saw two strong Shires fail to get a threshing machine engine into place a few weeks ago. She did it by herself in a moment, and I would back her to do more work in foot-pounds than any 17h. Shire that I ever saw, and keep on doing it, too, and on half the corn. During the mobilisation I bought for Government in Wales two mares, own

sisters, five and six years old, about 15h. 2m. The owner assured me that their granddam was a mountain pony about 12h. 2in. They were ideal artillery horses. I should like to have kept them myself to put to a thoroughbred sire. I am quite sure that the produce, if not good enough for hunters, would be valuable and very suitable for many purposes. It is well to remember that the higher one flies the further one has to fall. This applies to horse breeding, particularly to thoroughbred and allied types. In trying to breed valuable hunters one gets many disappointments. Before one can hope to realise a long figure, one has to lay out a good deal of money. The result is a mouse or a lion, and I am afraid that even in the best managed studs the proportion is not less than three of the former to one of the latter. I cannot claim to have had much experience in the use of half-bred sires (it is true that the two best colts I have now, out of about twenty, are by a three year old hunter-bred colt of my own), but I am persuaded that it is to the half-bred sire we must look for bone and substance. The thoroughbred is too much of an exotic. We want to breed horses that can live and thrive as Mr. Hope-Brooke's do, without being stuffed with corn from their earliest days. The craze for big or rather high horses (quite another thing) has in my opinion done much harm. No practical man that I have ever met suggests that they are better than the smaller ones. Ask any man who has owned many horses what was the best horse he ever had. He will invariably say it was a little one, and, as a rule, that it was not up to weight, but it did carry him. I believe that as farmers we have a good deal to learn about horses from our Colonies. In this country it is very difficult to get a man to work on the land a pair of active horses of hunter type, to say nothing of a team of five or seven abreast. They walk too fast for him, and the English ploughman seems to dislike riding on his implement, as they invariably do in the Colonies. I am sure that if once this could be got over it would become the custom to use a lighter type of horse on the farm, and it would be better all round. I am not without hope that one result of the war will tend this way. When it is over a large number of light horses will no doubt come back and be sold. In many cases they will be bought by farmers to work on the land, and the shortage in manual labour will, I expect, make them appreciate the quicker moving teams. By the bye, I have recently seen some of the mares which have been brought back by the Board of Agriculture and sold for breeding purposes. In my humble opinion very few of them are suitable, being too light on the leg. They have sold well, however. One yesterday, which I daresay measured 16h. 2in., not less than twelve years old and lame, made 72 guineas. Had she been 3in. lower she would have been a nice mare. I formed the opinion that most of them had been cast as bad doers, and there could be no worse crab for a brood mare. I have not seen one that could be expected to breed a 14st. hunter to a thoroughbred sire. If Government really wants to insure these mares being bred from, why not keep them a little longer and sell in foal to approved sires? They would then get into the right hands.—A. M. PILLINER.

SIR,—My father tried many experiments in breeding from light cart-mares, crossing them with a Premium horse, and then breeding from the produce again, and he bred several very nice animals this way. The best hunter I ever had in my life was bred by a farmer named Markwell, at Elsenham, from a light cart-mare by Pedometer, and this mare has bred some of the best hunter stock in our district. She was hunted for twelve seasons, in all sorts of counties, including the Shires, and hardly ever put her foot wrong. She was twenty-three years old when she died. One of her offspring took a prize at the Hunters' Improvement Show. I am not at all in favour of Mr. Hope-Brooke's method of putting cart-horse stallions on thoroughbred mares. Personally, I have never seen a good half-bred bred in this fashion. At the same time, I have known of several good animals bred on the second cross with a thoroughbred on a cart-mare. I am distinctly in favour of using thoroughbred horses or half-breds with a strong strain of thoroughbred on both sides, as some of the best steeplechase horses are bred.—WALTER GILBEY.

SIR,—On the question of breeding, or using, hunters with cart blood in their pedigree I venture to give the result of my own experience. First, I should like to say that I have no wish to criticise the experience of others, and especially of many of my friends who have a decided objection to anything but the clean thoroughbred as a sire of hunters. I am entirely in agreement with those who hold this view, if they were obtainable in sufficient numbers of the right stamp; but experience proves that this is not the case so as to be of general utility. There are numbers of cast-offs from our racing establishments, with pedigrees of undeniable excellence, to be had almost for the asking. But they are altogether incapable of getting stock up to more than 12st. or 12st. 7lb. How are such animals able to carry the weights which are needed for our cavalry? By selection, in the course of years, a breed of hunter thoroughbreds up to weight might possibly be formed; but we have material at hand which, if properly handled, would solve the difficulty in a much shorter space of time, and be able to fulfil all that is required of them for the Army and in the hunting field. The Hunter Stud Book is now well established, and the Hunter Improvement Society is doing all it can to encourage the breeding of hunter bred stallions, both by registration and premiums. Before saying anything further on this, I will deal with cart-horse blood in hunters. My experience has been that it is a wrong system, and that is why I have advocated the use of the hunter bred sire as a substitute. Of course, we *must* have bone and *weight-carrying* character; but with these qualities it is absolutely necessary to have pluck and stamina. When I first began really to ride to hounds, in 1858 (although I was "blooded" in 1850, and hunted as a schoolboy), my uncle, Viscount Hill, had a stud of Suffolk Punches. My father had a favourite, well bred mare and, owing to there being no other stallion available, on one occasion was sent to the Suffolk. The produce (whose picture I now have, and whose granddam's picture is looking down from the wall of the room in which I write) was a useful looking 14st. mare, and I took her with me to Oxford when I went to the University. She was a first rate jumper, but slow and soft. She was afterwards bred

from, and that produce was softer still. This convinced me that Suffolk Punch cart blood was no use for hunter breeding. Before leaving this breed I should say that the dam of the first mentioned mare was one of the very best and stoutest hunters ever ridden. When only a four year old she went to the end of a great run when all the Hunt servants' horses were dead beaten, and this mare was lent to the huntsman to go on and kill his fox upon, so that the want of stamina in her daughter came entirely through her Suffolk sire. Some years ago I was judging hunter stallions at the Spring Dublin Show. While waiting for a class to come in, I went and talked to the owner of a Suffolk stallion in the cart-horse ring adjoining. I asked him whether he served any hunter mares, and he said he did, and had a good sale for the produce. I then asked him if he knew whether they were ever exhibited. He said, "Oh, yes; I sold one last year to — for £250, and he won the championship at the Dublin Show!" This, to my mind, is a proof of the danger of using Suffolk blood. It is a first rate cross commercially, as you can breed good looking animals that meet a ready sale; but I pity the man who wants to be alongside hounds after the first twenty minutes! My next trial of cart blood was a brown four year old which I bought for £40 from a farmer on the Hawkstone estate, for an Oxford friend of mine. He wanted something to hunt, and which "would pay his way." This horse was by a thoroughbred from a light cart mare. He was a beautiful type of 14st. hunter, and was the most brilliant and sensational jumper I ever rode. No sort of fence was too big for him, and he was equally good at timber or water, and went a good pace; but fifteen minutes, if hounds really ran, was the end of his tether. I very often had a mount on this horse, as nothing my friend liked better than to see him "perform," and wound up my experience of him in riding against him in the Undergraduates' Race at Aylesbury. The Aylesbury course in those days was all big natural fences and 15ft. of water from bank to bank. Blackcock, owner up, was well in front the first time round, but was then hopelessly out of it, as I knew would be the case. He was afterwards hunted in the Shires, and from his great jumping feats £400 was offered for him; but his owner refused to sell, and kept him on to the end of his career. With this personal experience, when I started, in 1867, to breed hunters on a large farm, I tried to turn my attention to getting weight-carriers in some other way than by the infusion of cart blood. With regard to the term "cart blood," it is entirely wrong to include that all types of horses that are used for draught purposes should be included. If we leave Ireland out of the question for the moment, there are three distinct breeds in England that should not be included in this category. These are the old Welsh cart horse, the Devonshire pack-horse and the Pembrokeshire small, active breed usually known as colliers. I have every confidence in mares of these breeds as foundation hunter stock when put to the thoroughbred sire; and even an occasional cross of a stallion of these hardy, active breeds would do no harm in building up a breed of hunters. I have suggested to the Hunters' Improvement Society's Council the allocation of a separate section in the Stud Book for the registration of animals of both sexes bred on these lines, and I believe that the idea finds favour in influential quarters. Some people might advocate the use of Cleveland Bay mares as the dams of hunters. All I can say is that in old days there was a prejudice against a hunter that showed any signs of this cross. I remember a great, good looking, 15st. mare that was bought at Horncastle Fair. On arrival at the stables the old stud groom shook his head and called her "a Yorkshire bred 'un," by which he meant that she evidently had Cleveland blood. I rode this mare myself on several occasions, and found her as soft as those I have previously described. Weight-carrying hunters can be bred, and a breed established, as I have proved to my own satisfaction, without going to the risk of the infusion of cart blood, except on the lines above described. With your permission I will refer to my experience with the hunter bred stallion on a future occasion.—JOHN HILL.

[It will be a pleasure to print the experiences of so eminent a breeder as Mr. John Hill. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE cannot fail to be interested in the results of his long and successful practice.—ED.]

SIR,—If the truth were known, I believe it would be found that a number of show-ring hunters have cart blood in them, but their owners will never admit it, and in consequence many breeders who would like to get similar animals are misled. I know of a particular exhibitor whose successful horses have had cart blood in them to my definite knowledge, but who will not admit it. When questioned he says, "Cleveland Bay," because "if the cart were acknowledged he would be prejudiced in the show ring." In the interests of horse breeding this deception is not fair. I therefore hope that Mr. Hope-Brooke's article on "The Half-bred Sire" will induce frankness. Why should men who have found success in using the heavy horse be ashamed to acknowledge it? It almost looks as though they thought it a trade secret which it would be against their interests to betray.—JOHN WHEAL.

SIR,—As pointed out by Mr. Hope-Brooke, all our breeds of horses and ponies, except hunters, are produced by breeding to type. I would ask: Where should the breeder look for the hunter sire—a horse capable of carrying 16st. to hounds? There are plenty of such geldings to be found in the British Isles, but when such a colt is bred he is gelded, and is then a saleable animal. What breeder will keep him for stud purposes? Not the Government. How many private hunter breeders will do so? We are advised to breed only from a thoroughbred horse, very few of whom are capable of carrying 16st. to hounds—very few of them leap sufficiently well, or are capable of doing so, out of deep ground, with this weight on their back. I have ridden many first-rate hunters who undoubtedly have pony or common cart blood in their veins, and they have generally shown more intelligence in negotiating a country than is to be found in the highly strung temperament of the thoroughbred horse. I do not think, if I may be allowed to offer an opinion, that the Hunters' Improvement Society is on the right lines to produce the best hunter in provincial country. No matter what animal you breed, like does not beget like—it invariably begets something like, but not quite so good, i.e., not so much substance. A hunter sire must, to

my mind, be an animal of more substance and bone than we require his stock to show if mated to a well bred hunter-mare. By all means, let him be as well bred as is possible, provided he can show the size and substance. With regard to taxation, I entirely endorse Mr. Hope-Brooke's sentiment: "It seems to me, if we tax the foreigner, we only tax ourselves more heavily, for unless our Government buy at the prices the foreigners are prepared to pay this incentive to breed horses would end." And again: "Till we have bred a number of these sires" (*i.e.*, a heavier class of horse) "the Hunters' Improvement Society should, in my opinion, only encourage the use of thoroughbred sires for big producing mares. For weedy, light mares another and stouter type of horse is wanted." Any hunter sire with a suspicion of hackney blood in its veins should be avoided like the plague. While hunting, I have seen cart colts, running loose, jump in perfect style, and have often thought to myself, crossed with a thoroughbred mare, what a hunter she might beget. I have always been told that the first step to ruin is to try and breed a hunter from a favourite hunter mare. The temptation is sometimes very great; disappointment four years later is greater and more certain; it usually grows into a very pretty animal, 15h. 1in., of no earthly use except as a hack, and, as Jorrocks says: "An 'ack can do nothing but 'ack, while he will cost as much as a third 'oss wot will both 'ack and 'unt."—GODFREY HESELTINE (Captain, M.F.H.).

SIR.—I have never myself had experience of breeding from half-bred sires, neither shall I. The principle is wrong, and whatever the failures may be when breeding from thoroughbred sires, there will be many more when using half-breds.—F. FORESTER.

SIR.—Many years ago the late Sir Walter Gilbey used cart blood in his hunter stud, but I believe he always used the thoroughbred, and not the heavy sire. Anyhow, to distinguish the produce he gave the prefix "half "

in naming these horses. But in an unhappy moment he called one "Half-a-crown," and opened himself to the gibes of hunting men and other breeders, who declared that that was all they were worth! Since reading your editorial note I, too, have questioned several breeders, and, like myself, they have been against cart blood merely because "everyone says so." This is not as it should be, and I hope many breeders will send you the results of their practical experience, and that hunting men who have ridden horses which of their personal knowledge have cart blood in them will say whether or not there is truth in the general belief that animals so bred cannot stay. COUNTRY LIFE will render a real service if these facts can be brought out.—C. MILLER.

SIR.—I have studied horses all my life and now manage a racing stud. The only way to get remounts is to use a good thoroughbred stallion, with bone, action, good feet, neck, back, quarters and shoulders. I have seen quite small stallions get big hunters, and I am entirely against using half-bred horses, which might get a few artillery horses, but do not get the quality that is necessary, especially now, for the mares that are left. I have seen a few hunters by a thoroughbred out of a cart-mare, and as far as I can learn about them they want the extra bit of stamina which the cart-mare does not give. We know that as far as we have got in this war the smaller horses have done much better than the big cavalry horses. My idea is that the cross with a cart-mare—that is, the first cross—is wrong, because the progeny is hard to keep sound, and it is usually wanted to go the pace, which is always faster than the dam could go. If an animal suitable for a remount is only well fed up to two years old, with breeding of a little pace on both sides, it usually comes to the animal that is wanted when old enough. But the neglect of these animals is not in the actual breeding, it is in the feeding when young. It would pay a farmer to breed these remounts at a slightly higher price than has been offered, if he thoroughly understood the horse, which the majority in Cheshire do not.—ARTHUR GROSVENOR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BEST VEGETABLES FOR DISTRIBUTION.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—In connection with your very timely exhortation to sow vegetables this year abundantly and as early as possible, it has occurred to me to ask what are the most economical vegetables, looked at from every point of view? In answering you would have to take into account not only their feeding value and the cost of cultivation, but their acceptability to the poor. You see, I am thinking chiefly of those who have land and the other means of growing vegetables to give away. I once had a little experience that impressed on my mind the necessity of thinking this out. A good many years ago I lived near a village of about two thousand inhabitants, most of whom were engaged in certain mills. That year they were thrown on short time owing to circumstances which I need not go into, and, as it happened, the summer was dry and very unfavourable for growing things in the garden. This did not affect me, however, because a little stream flowed down through the middle of my garden ground, and all that was necessary was to erect a pump, and, with the aid of a hose, water could be directed in any quantity to any quarter of the garden. The man who looked after these things for me sowed on a very large scale. He got one of the biggest collections of seed that he could find, costing, if I remember rightly, about five pounds, and all this was duly sown and planted out afterwards, so that in the autumn I had, for a private grower, an extraordinary quantity of vegetables. The garden was from one and a half to two miles from the village, and at a meeting called to alleviate the distress I offered to give anyone who cared to come for it a daily supply of cabbage, of which there was more than one establishment could possibly consume. I discovered then that not more than two of the distressed inhabitants would walk a couple of miles for a supply of cabbage. On another occasion I happened to mention, however, that there was an overplus of carrots, onions and beetroots, and immediately it appeared as though the entire population of the village was out for a supply, and these very quickly disappeared. Beet was, perhaps, in the greatest demand, and onions in the next. Many of the men told me that if they had half a loaf, a bit of cheese, a glass of beer and a large onion they required no better dinner—unless that beet could be substituted for the onion. This was my experience of providing vegetables for villagers, and it occurred to me just now that people who interpreted your advice to sow as a hint to produce vast quantities of cabbage might, perhaps, find a way of doing better.—G. A. G.

A CROP FOR NEWLY CULTIVATED GROUND.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I have read with much interest articles and letters in COUNTRY LIFE bearing more or less directly on the war-time economy. May I ask for suggestions as to the best crop to put on freshly trenched ground, which has been a very poor paddock, probably a few years ago enclosed from the adjoining common? It is on a slight slope; gravel soil; grass, such as it is, sedgy and sour; generally damp—this may be from a spring or simply draining from higher ground. I am having it drained and trenched, and should like to sow whatever would be soonest profitable, either for the house or for fodder for pony, goats or chickens. Would it grow potatoes or roots of any kind, or rye grass, or would mustard or sorghum be of use? Your article on the supply of eggs leads me to ask advice on that subject. My Rhode Island reds came from good stock; they have the run of an acre of grass, and are fed and managed practically as your article advises, except for the trap nest which I cannot arrange. In most years for about a month—in November or December—they do not lay; but they gave up laying on September 15th, 1914, and have not laid since, except about two dozen pullet eggs early in

December. Would the fact that they laid plentifully through spring and summer account for the falling off?—A SMALLHOLDER.

[We do not think the lan' described by our correspondent would grow anything more satisfactory than potatoes. A Maincrop variety should be selected and planted early in April. In the meantime, as the soil is inclined to be sour, we would advise dressing it with lime at the rate of 1 cwt. to each five square rods. The lime ought to be quite fresh and laid in heaps of 1 cwt. each. Then thinly cover each heap with soil and allow it to remain thus for a few days. It should then be in the form of a fine powder, and may be spread evenly over the surface and lightly forked in at once. This will correct any acidity that may be present, and also liberate plant food for the benefit of the potatoes. Probably the fowls are suffering from the effects of an exceptionally wet season. In wet weather they are better in a scratching shed than in a meadow, and their houses should be kept absolutely dry.—ED.]

THE GRILLE OF LADY MARGARET BEAUFORT'S TOMB.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Until 1821 the grand historical monuments of Westminster Abbey remained protected by their grilles, original and essential features of their design. They were of iron, finely wrought, gilded and emblazoned with heraldry and badges, thus supplying a brilliance lacking in marble and bronze, but necessary when the light streamed through gorgeously coloured windows or fell dimly on them from mediaeval oil lamps and candles. From the fourteenth to the seventeenth century a design was followed unsurpassable both in dignity and simplicity. The bars were arranged vertically, ending in spikes above, neither confusing the lines nor impeding the view of the object they were there to protect. Heraldic decoration was confined to a broad band below the spikes, in this case bearing the rose and portcullis alternately in high relief. The fine massive standards, six or eight in number, rose high above the spikes, carrying aloft the richly wrought and emblazoned banners of the illustrious dead, here fringed and surmounted by fleur-de-lis. The grille will remain shorn of its pristine glory till these are restored. Some years since I was entrusted to replace the rail to the Daubeny monument in Westminster Abbey, and hoped the example set by the descendants of this ancient family would have led to the replacement of others. But only a couple of years ago the railing to the fine tomb of Mary Queen of Scots was, happily, recovered and placed in my hands for restoration, with the, so far, vain hope of its replacement in the Abbey. I fear it is too much to expect the National Art Collection Fund again to come forward.—J. STARKIE GARDNER, Maidenhead Court.

BIRDS AS TREE PROPAGATORS.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—In a corner of my garden, on the north coast of Somerset, stand an ilex and a deodar, close together, and each about thirty feet high. The ground underneath is a tangle of ivy and periwinkle, which is never cut. I call this my nursery garden, because it contains specimens—seedlings of every shrub and tree to be found growing within the grounds; and I have drawn on it unstintingly for the past twenty years. The following is a list of what may be seen there at the present moment: Yew, mountain ash, holly, laurustinus, whitebeam, Portugal laurel, ilex, walnut, oak, snowberry, arbutus, ash, beech, privet, sycamore, bay and thorn. How did these trees come here? They are all seedlings, and I fancy many could only be raised with great difficulty. The only explanation I can offer is that the seeds are brought to the overhanging trees, in the first instance, by birds; and that the seeds, while passing through their stomachs, undergo some chemical process which causes them to germinate after being dropped.—H. N. S.

A SMALL BOY AND A BIG PIKE.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed is a photograph of a pike (female) caught by my thirteen year old boy early in January. The fish measured 43in., and weighed 18½lb.

It may interest your readers to see this photograph, as you published one of a pike weighing just over 11lb. in your issue of January 23rd.—
M. M. W.



A PROUD MOMENT.

village folk pinned their faith to its marvellous powers for ailments, inward and outward, long before the modern chemist made the wort into potent pellets. Did a labourer have a hand, leg or foot crushed, his wife or the wise person of a village made a warm mash, or poultice, of "John's worth," as many called it, which, when applied, brought relief from pain and a rapid healing if there was a wound; while for internal "pains and penalties" a drink of "wort water"—that is, a brew of the herb—was the best thing with which to "make good again." In most cottages there was almost certain to be seen a stone jar or jug on the hob, in which would be preparing a brew of herbs, and one of the ingredients would certainly be St. John's wort. The flowers, when dried, were used with those of the coltsfoot, to smoke in a pipe mixed with tobacco. A drink of the wort was held to be good for toothache, and with the same object the two flowers dried were smoked in a pipe, and the smoke of the two herbs, when inhaled, was "good to draw out the worms" which caused the ache from the roots of the aching tooth.—SENEX.

"LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN."

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to your correspondence on memorial inscriptions, haply this will suit you better; it is from St. Peter's Church in Ipswich:

SEPT: 14TH: 1627:

HERE THE BODY OF ROBERT

SNELLING AWAYTES

THE RESURRECTION:

Here is also the pathetic ode to Deborah Collins in 1835:

The Languishing Head is at rest,
Its Thinkings and Achings are o'er.
The quiet immovable Breast
Is heav'd by Affliction no more.

—W. H. STJ. H.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It will be on few English graves dug by the war that we shall be able to write Stevenson's requiem:

Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea
And the hunter home from the hill.

But I like to think that in coming years some of our regiments will not be forgotten on the fair fields of France, now laid waste, but only for a season. And for that future Stevenson also gives us a word:

They pass and smile, the children of the sword,
No more the sword they wield:
And O, how deep the corn
Along the battlefield!

—C. A. M.

A PRECOCIOUS FLEDGLING.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest your many readers to know that on Monday, February 1st, I was walking in the afternoon on the Pickendine Golf Links, which are on a spur of the Blagdon Hills, about four miles from Taunton, when I saw a small bird fluttering in front of me. When it at last stopped it let me approach quite close, and I was astonished to find that it was a young thrush, unable to fly. Is not this unusually early? I am told that the men working on the links have seen eggs of the thrush some little time ago.—C. M. F.

VISITORS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The saying that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" appears to have been taken seriously to heart by the lads of the Naval Brigade, now in training at the Crystal Palace. The spacious grounds, lovingly remembered by many a London child of a past generation, afford plenty of scope for amusement, and the uses to which some members of the Brigade have turned the prehistoric and other weird beasts in the shrubberies is an echo, no doubt, of the real sailor's well known fondness for a mount of any sort when ashore.—D. A.



LARKING IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE GROUNDS.

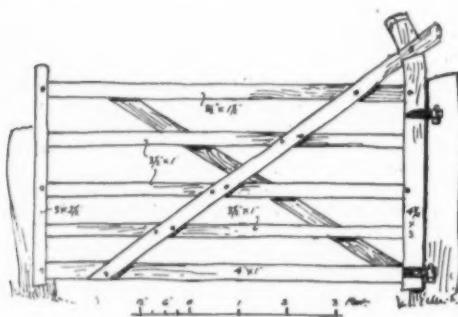


SITTING ON THE MEGLOSAURUS.

THE FIVE-BARRED GATE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Miss Jekyll's article, under the above heading will prove very valuable. As she very rightly says, the old patterns not only have proved to be far more durable than the modern machine-made variety, but are possessed of far more pleasing character than most of those made to-day. It is an extremely difficult matter to design a gate that does not somehow or other look "suburban." I enclose a sketch of one which is fairly general in the neighbourhood of Looe in Cornwall. It is on quite different lines to the Home Counties gate. Lacking the general finish of this example, it is yet designed on sound constructional lines, and the dovetailed halving of the brace to the shaped head of the hanging style gives what appears to be the local characteristic. The gate was old and dilapidated and, so far as I remember, was fastened up with a piece of rope—the hinges were quite ordinary and as shown. It is of rather narrow width (namely, 8ft. by 4ft. high). So far as I could judge, this has been caused by the very hilly country precluding heavy wagons being taken on to the



A CORNISH FIVE-BARRED GATE.

sizes of genuine specimens. Such a collection obtained would be an extremely interesting one to designers and makers, and help to combat the "suburban" tradition and strengthen the old one where it remains and give it a new lease of life. These old gates, the pleasant "simple and solid furniture of farm and cottage," to which Miss Jekyll refers, stand for far more than just so much gear. They are evidences of what was a very proper state of civilisation. The man who made these things had his head screwed on the right way. He could make the gate or chair—mend the barn door and frame its roof and be depended upon to tackle a knotty problem. Ask your modern operative who turns only the legs of the table to frame the same together, and he will despairingly go home. Architects will tell you that their pleasantest work is in the remote country, where the old traditions have not died out and the craftsman is man enough to stand up to you and protest that your detail of a window, though perhaps all right for London, will most certainly not keep out the driving rain in "those parts." As conditions are now, it is hoped that all landowners will find as much useful work to be done as is possible, and the re-gating of their properties is one which can safely be recommended. The oak bolt and the door handle are also pleasant examples of local craftsmanship.—C. H. B. QUENNELL.

A SMOKING FIREPLACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—In COUNTRY LIFE of January 16th a correspondent "Smoked Out" asked for help to cure the smoking in a wide, open fireplace. Your Editorial sketch, suggesting a built brick canopy over the fire would no doubt be very effective if the radical alteration in the character of the fireplace were no objection. In the event of that being disliked by the owner, perhaps the following alternative, which I have found very successful in somewhat similar cases, might be worth trying. The cause of the smoking is, of course, that the large chimney is so slow in becoming heated that it does not "draw" properly for a very long time after the fire has been lighted, under certain conditions—perhaps not at all. If the structure of the back of the fireplace will admit of a narrow flue—say, 4in. or 5in. in diameter—being carried up inside the wall, with a correspondingly small opening into it just above the level of the fire, I think it would probably overcome the difficulty. The flue opens out into the chimney above, the higher up the better (in bad cases it might be carried even to the top), and the old chimney remains

practically as it was, but it ought not to "smoke" any more. "How to clean the narrow flue out?" I fancy I hear modern ultra-objectionist people ask. Well, in the country we find it easy enough—a little straw or paper soaked, if necessary, in oil, and a match. We are not bothered with by-laws here, nor fined half-a-crown if our chimney "goes on fire"!—G. B.

THE SCARCITY OF WILD LIFE IN A NEW COUNTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—One who has to dig the ground for any purpose—gardening, etc.—is immediately struck by the absence of earthworms. He may dig yards of ground and not find a single one. A person learns that in new ground there are practically none, and even in comparatively old gardens there are but few. A great scourge of the farmers of Ontario, the wireworm, is very scarce, too. Common houseflies, black flies, mosquitos, horn flies, gadflies and other similar insects that annoy cattle and horses in the East of the Dominion are not abundant. When we consider how much these insects constitute the food of many kinds of birds, we immediately infer that birds, too, are scarce in this part. And so they are. Even crows are not numerous. The meadow-lark is a bird very much in evidence in some parts of the Dry Belt. In one part of the Boundary district (where the horn fly is in myriads) the loudness and vociferousness of its song through the summer day was so incessant, each rival trying to give an overwhelming answer in loud melody, one actually tired of the sweet music, even so much as to wish them banished, to have a little peace. Here, however, they are so scarce that one wishes for some of the clamorous concert of the Dry Belt. There are a few martins, fewer swallows and still fewer swifts. The robin (a thrush), so common in Ontario, is rather scarce. The little "grey birds," which are various kinds of sparrows, chickadees, killdeer plover, night-hawks, etc., show the same scarcity. To see a common red squirrel is to be reminded how few one does see. Still, in the parks they are abundant. They are many shades darker here than in Ontario; so are the brown birds. Ground-hogs, and mice even, are scarce. The gopher—a pest from its abundance in the Boundary district—seems to be entirely absent. In considering how the list of birds was increased in a certain new section of Ontario, and to give one or two instances, how many years after the first settler came to the district before the bobolink appeared, and after that a good many years before the indigo-bird came, one is confirmed in the belief that the newness of the country is the main cause of the scarcity of life—animal, bird, insect, etc.—of the kinds mentioned, which, of course, are given as a few examples only, and that time will greatly increase the number of kinds and also the number of individuals of each kind.—H. BURGESS, Vancouver.

AN ORIENTAL WATER-BOTTLE MARKET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Hebron, one of the oldest cities in Palestine, has always been famous for its Oriental water-bottles, made of goatskins. Here are to be found large tanneries where these receptacles are turned out by the thousand, and our photograph depicts what is called the "water-bottle market," which is situated to the east of the ancient city. Lying upon the ground in rows may be seen between 200 and 300 goatskins awaiting purchasers. Each skin is inflated, either with water or with air, so that the buyer may know it is perfectly watertight. The majority of the skins used come from Arabia, while a large number are also received from the Lebanons. They are brought to Hebron by the camel caravans, and are purchased by the tanneries and turned into bottles. They pass through many processes, and a tanner will spend a week upon a single skin before it is rendered watertight and serviceable. From Hebron these odd "bottles" are sent to all parts of the East, thousands going down into Egypt and the Soudan every year. They are also used as rafts. A number of inflated skins are attached to a light wooden frame, which then not only readily floats, but is capable of carrying quite a heavy load. Such craft are to be seen upon the rivers of Syria and also upon the Euphrates and Tigris.—H. J. S.



THE WATER SKIN MARKET AT HEBRON.